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THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1900.

NO. 16

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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MUGWUMPERY.

THERE are but few copies left of Mirror Pamphlet No. Nine, entitled "BE A COWARD." The little essay is a plea for independence in politics, which has the merit, at least, of timeliness, now that a great political campaign is upon us. The Mirror Pamphlets may be ordered of the MIRROR office, or of any branch of the American News Company. Price 5 cents per copy.

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THE STRIKE AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

SUBJECTS THAT KEEP ST. LOUIS GUESSING.

The Strike

IN the street-car strike there is nothing to arbitrate. The strikers insist that they shall be taken back in a body and as a Union, except, of course, such men as may have been convicted of destruction of the company's property. The Transit Company agrees to take back as many employees as it has use for, membership in the Union being not prejudicial. The Union insists that the men who have run cars during the Company's days of trouble shall be discharged. This latter demand is impossible. Should the Company desert the men who were faithful in the crisis to the Company's interest, no decent person would speak to the officers who deserted the non-Union employees.

The Company will take back most of the Union men. It is to the Company's interest to re-employ as many of the

efficient, experienced men as possible. This being the case, ninety per cent of the men upon the cars would be Union men. It is morally certain that those Union men could, in a very short time, induce the non-Union men to join. Either that, or the new men would largely retire as a result of a quiet ostracism by their fellow workmen, or would drop out as a result of their inferior efficiency. In any event the Union would have practical possession of the roads. The Union, by accepting the Transit Company's proposition and exercising a little patience, would unionize the roads. They would gain their point easily by not insisting that the officers of the Transit Company shall humiliate themselves and be guilty of bad faith to their present employes. The Union, once master of the roads, could, in future, negotiate concessions as employes, distinguishing without differentiating between themselves as Union men and Transit employes. In this way the steam railroads manage always to get along pleasantly with the labor organizations of their employes, engineers, firemen, brakemen, switchmen and others. In this way the steam railway employes are satisfied.

The Union has won its point of maintaining that employes shall not be discharged for membership in the Union. By a little diplomacy, employes may secure recognition of the Union, may make every man on the roads a Union man, and thus place themselves in a position to strike again at the first sign of the corporation's bad faith. The Company doesn't want any more strikes. The Union, by holding out for the discharge of the present employes, by demanding that the officers of the Company force the present employes to join the Union, is making a mistake. It asks for coercion of the new employes. It asks that men shall be made to join the Union, which is fully as wrong as that the Company should discharge men for belonging to the Union. The Company's counter proposition practically leaves the way open for the Union to gather into its ranks every employe, in other words, to gain its end. Once the Union has gone back in this manner, it has made a step which must inevitably result in full recognition. It makes itself, thereby, so strong that future demands, in reason, will be met with concessions.

The Union should accept the Company's proposals, should give the Company a chance to "let itself down easy," should see that a little recession from the demand for absolute recognition is the way to proceed toward absolute recognition, should see that a little moderation now will aid it to full recognition hereafter. The Union would be stronger when it has forced all the "scabs" into the Union or off the cars and abler to enforce further demands in future. The Company does not insist that its present employes shall not be Union men. And that is a victory for the Union, under the circumstances. In short, the Union needs only to accept the Company's terms to gain its control of the roads in the future. When it controls the roads it has the situation in its own hands, and, with ordinary common sense, can hold the mastery of the situation.

Meanwhile the public doesn't care who runs the cars. It wants the cars to run. If the cars cannot be operated by non-Union men, the Company should operate them by Union men. The Company has a franchise conditioned on rendering a service. If it does not render that service satisfactorily the franchise should be abolished. But if the service be prevented by lawlessness, the Company is not to blame. Let the authorities protect the Company's property and employes to the full extent of their power. Then, if the Company cannot run its cars with one kind of labor, it must run them by another or forfeit its franchise. The citizens have rights in the roads. The citizens at large suffer by the strike. On the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number the strike must be settled for the benefit of the citizens.

The situation is such that the Union, by a little politic surrender, can gain its point and at the same time gain the approval of the public. It can accept the Company's proposal and in six weeks thereafter have every man on all the roads in the organization. When it has done this the Company will be forced to treat with the organization or stand another strike. The Union can surrender its extreme demand without loss of respect and with a gain in moral and physical strength. The Union owes some consideration to the public, just as the Transit Company does. If it shall show that consideration, by a little moderation, it will the more surely bring public opinion to bear in its favor in any future dispute with the Transit Company.

The Union should go back to work, and then, if any Union man be discharged for simply belonging to the Union, or for trying to induce "scabs" to join the Union, or upon bogus representation that he destroyed property or assailed employes, it can strike again. The Union has decidedly the better of the Company, except that the members of the Union are out of work. If the men go back to work they can perfect their organization. They have shown great strength. They will be able to command more. They will be able eventually to unionize the St. Louis railways completely, for the Company cannot stand much repetition of the losses of the past twenty-two days.

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The World's Fair
READERS of the MIRROR were not surprised at the discovery of powerful opposition in Congress to the St. Louis World's Fair project, for this paper has stated the fact of the existence of such opposition in half a dozen articles in the last three months. The MIRROR states now that the opposition is much stronger than the dispatches from Washington would indicate.

The gentlemen who have conducted the fight for the appropriation cannot be too warmly commended. They have succeeded in showing that the fight against the Fair has been underhanded, political and even sectional. They have disclosed to the country the intention of Republican leaders like Henderson and Grosvenor to kill the proposition, either because the expenditure of \$5,000,000 in Democratic Missouri would do the Republican party no good, or because the application for the money afforded an opportunity to make a buncombe, demagogic display of economy by refusing the grant. The Republican leader of the House has been exposed as an autocratic boss daring to choke off a measure favored by the delegation from all the States created out of the Louisiana Purchase. In the work thus far done by Messrs. Francis, Cobb, Frank, Houser, Thompson, Joy, Bartholdt and Champ Clark, the Republican strangle of the measure have met with an obstruction which has shaken their power.

But the St. Louis fighters do not appear as yet to have discovered that there are other forces at work against them. The Washington lobby is against the World's Fair, because the Washington lobby's assistance has not been enlisted upon an understanding of a percentage compensation for services. Also there are those of eminence in the Republican councils who have waited in vain for any assurance that as a result of the appropriation there will be a substantial donation to the Republican campaign fund. Then, too, there are men in Washington who were instrumental in engineering the Chicago World's Fair appropriation through Congress and they are intimating their ability either to further or to stop the appropriation. I would not say that Chicago influences are arrayed against the St. Louis project, but it is a fact that Chicago has long "had the tip" that there would be no World's Fair. The opposition from New York is explained by the circumstance that the men who dictate political action in New York are chiefly connected in St. Louis with men and institutions that

The Mirror.

opposed and are opposing the World's Fair. To be plain, the Wall Street end of St. Louis is antagonistic to the Fair and the Wall Street crowd dictates the action of the New York Congressmen.

At the present writing, the reports from the St. Louisans in Washington have an optimistic tone and color. The plan of campaign mapped out could not be better, but the plan of campaign is good only on the supposition that the Members of Congress who have petitioned for a chance to pass on the bill are sincere. The Republicans may sign petitions, but will they revolt against Speaker Henderson and Grosvenor, or against the less courageous, but almost equally powerful, men who have quietly ordered the slaughter of the measure, while openly advocating its passage?

The surface indications are that a majority in the House of Representatives would vote for the appropriation, if it were submitted to a vote. The Senate has passed the Cockrell rider unanimously, but the sub-surface influences are at work. In fact, no one knew of the sub-surface antagonisms until the MIRROR called attention to them.

There are but ten or twelve days of this session of Congress remaining. How the House can dispose of the "rider" without killing the entire appropriation bill does not appear. It seems impossible, under the circumstances, even to postpone the appropriation until the next meeting of Congress. The power of the Speaker would appear to be checked. But the Eastern opposition is still strong.

Mr. Francis and his associates have done so much that we may confidently expect more, and the best, of them. They have done wonders. They have done enough to make us almost forget the shame that no little part of the opposition to the appropriation has the undisguised sympathy, if not the open support, of some men in this city who are not capable of feeling affection for and pride in a community in which they have made their fortunes, principally as a result of its natural growth and not a little because of its generosity.

W. M. R.

* * * *

REFLECTIONS.

Why Debs Runs

IT grows very evident that the candidacy of Eugene V. Debs and Job Harriman, on the Socialist ticket, will cost the Democracy many votes this year. It will not be surprising if the Socialists poll as many votes as the mid-road Populists. The workingmen in the cities, who are disgusted with or disaffected towards the old parties, are very deeply tinged with socialistic principles. The trades union sentiment is very much socialistic and idolatrous of Debs, who, it must be admitted, is a man of much the same kind of fascinating individuality as Bryan, and is a remarkably effective orator. Debs appeals more to the urban discontent than all the Populists. To the city proletarian the Populist seem to have no aim but to make things easy for the farmer and let the rest of the world go hang. There is little doubt that if Mr. Debs were to take a swing around the circle during the campaign he would take many votes as well as many oratorical honors from Mr. Bryan. If Mr. Debs were to poll anything near the Union Labor vote of the big cities he would be a tremendous feature in the scattering column. Debs' candidacy, however, has one grave defect. It casts a doubt upon his sincerity. Why should he run? If he believes in what he preaches, he must believe that half a loaf is better than no bread, that it would be a long step toward his ideals if Mr. Bryan were elected. Why then does Mr. Debs run for office and divide Mr. Bryan's vote? This is a great political mystery, chiefly because even his enemies do not impugn Mr. Debs' honesty. He has a good intelligence, too. His course in dividing the discontented opposition looks like idiocy. He has never fallen out with Bryan. There is no political jealousy to account for his action. There is said to be no intention on Mr. Debs' part to withdraw at a late hour in favor of Mr. Bryan. The best explanation of Mr. Debs' candidacy is that he and his party realize that Mr. Bryan has so little show of election that the loss of the Socialist vote cannot

hurt him, while the casting of it solid for a straight-out Socialist ticket will, probably, amount to a demonstration of Socialist strength that may make the men in power give heed to the Socialist programme. Mr. Bryan has started a great many people on the road to Socialism, and they have got there and are now aggrieved that he has not himself gone the full distance. If there be any merit whatever in the claim made by the Socialists, Mr. Debs will poll a tremendous vote. Mr. Debs may or may not be right as to Mr. Bryan's chances of election and as to the effect of his candidacy in weakening the Nebraskan, but there is no doubt that his race will add piquant and picturesque interest to the campaign. He will be more interesting, it is easy to imagine, than the candidate of the mid-roads or the Prohibitionists.

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About Flags

THE Grand Army of the Republic is talking about delivering to the States that formed the Confederacy the captured Southern battle-flags now held by the War Department. Verily the world does move. Only a few years ago President Grover Cleveland was supposed to harbor some such design, and all G. A. R.-dom rose up and protested and denounced the President. J. B. Foraker foamed at the mouth, and one Tuttle—I believe that was his name—declared that if President Cleveland appeared at a G. A. R. encampment he would be publicly insulted. Now the G. A. R., most of its idiots and bogus pensioners having died off, takes up the idea it condemned, and will put it into pleasant execution. This we owe to the war with Spain and the war in the Philippines. It is unfortunate, however, that, just as the return of the captured flags is broached, there should have occurred the incident at Louisville in which the Daughters of the Confederacy showed disrespect for the stars and stripes. A Southern woman, elsewhere in this issue, discusses the Louisville incident at length. Perhaps only a Southern woman is justly entitled to discuss it. All another may say about these occasional rabid manifestations of partisanship is, that they are not the work of the most sincere believers in the cause they espouse, as they certainly are not the work of the most sensible. The most virulent sectionalists are not those who actually fought, or suffered, for their section. The viciousness of sectionalism is manifested principally by pretenders, mostly by old women of both sexes. The Grand Army, having got rid of its rag-chewers, it is time that Confederate organizations should do likewise. The South gains nothing by the antics of the few irreconcilables whose performances get into the newspapers. The South does not sympathize with motive of incidents like that at Louisville, as was shown when Southern Senators recently repudiated Tillman's claim that the South still denied the beneficial results of the war it lost, as was shown in greetings to the Nashville, and to Admiral Dewey, and as is shown every day in every representative newspaper of the South. The G. A. R., for many years, was rather too gloatful over a defeated foe. That has happily passed away. It is unfortunate, and worse still, silly, for persons in brief authority and prominence in the South to protest against the accomplished fact of a war thirty-five years passed, and to dishonor the flag under which, during all those years, they and their people have lived in security, in prosperity, and in enjoyment of every right of citizenship.

* * *

New Journalism in England

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same everywhere. There are political scandals in England, like some of our own, though a certain class of political censors in this country has professed to know that English political morality is more exalted than ours. The ideal honesty of English politics is not what it was. Ever since the newer dailies in London have begun to operate after the models of the American press, and especially since the war with the Boers, the newspapers in question have been showing up certain members of government as working private snaps. One minister has been accused of selling land to the government, for army manoeuvres, at an exorbitant figure. Other leading politicians have been found to be identified with cartridge factories, and other concerns supplying the army, and still other men of political and social eminence have

been found to be largely interested in companies, the value of whose securities and properties might be enhanced by the governmental acts of the men in question. The yellow journalism outbreak in London has had at least this one good effect. It has daringly and openly called high and mighty politicians to account, men who were supposed to be secure from such aspersions, men who, a few years ago, would never have been suspected of making money out of their positions, not even by their bitterest opponents, or the most rabid radicals. On the 8th inst., a Member of Parliament proposed that no officer of the Crown should, in future, be a director of a public company, alleging that 52 per cent of the Ministry held directorships, and hinting that the present war had been caused by "a Stock Exchange Government for Stock Exchange purposes." The comment of such a staid and earnest and powerful journal as the *Spectator*, upon this incident is almost pathetically funny in its reverential, apologetic attitude towards the nobility and gentry at whom the proposition was directed by the irrepressible Swift MacNeil. "Wild talk of that kind," says the *Spectator*, referring to Mr. MacNeal's proposal, "of course made the answer of the Advocate-General—which was substantially that Ministers might be trusted to pick companies not affected by Government contracts—very easy, but we confess we agree with Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in deprecating the practice. No one wants to interfere with the investments of Ministers, but it ought to be etiquette for a politician who accepts office to cease to be a director." Then follows this fine distinction: "A shareholder, however large his interest in an undertaking, differs from a director in this,—that he has not pledged himself to do his best for other shareholders. A director has, and if he is a Minister his positive duty towards his co-proprietors may clash with his positive duty towards the State. He may carefully avoid Government contracts and yet know that a war is coming which will shake his company. Is he to conceal that fact from his fellow-directors? Doubtless he should, for duty to the State is supreme, but we can imagine him thinking his silence at the Board almost a treachery." Can any one imagine any first-class paper in this country speaking so sycophantically as this about Alger, about the Gage deal with the Standard Oil Bank, about Root's grant of rights to favored crowds to dredge the sea for gold at Cape Nome, about Heath's connection with the Cuban postal steal, about the ship subsidy syndicate? It is no wonder that England has known so little public scandal in its higher politics. The people who control the sources of publicity have been afraid to make public the venality of English politicians. The English papers have been afraid to print anything that would discredit the ruling classes. American journalism has obtained a foothold in England, and its first action has been to attack the abuses of family prestige and political privilege. It was largely responsible for the merciless exposure of incompetence in the officers of the Army in the Transvaal. The politicians and nobility can no longer suppress the truth in England. The newer journalists print the news without regard for the feelings of officials. No longer must newspapers get permission from the government to print the news. The new papers will not be muzzled by social or political impressiveness. Men who were never criticized before, save in a most apologetic tone, are brought to book publicly and severely. The *Spectator*'s comment on the exposure illustrates the old method of criticism in the public prints in England, and the Advocate-General's remark that the ministers "might be trusted to pick companies not affected by Government contracts," shows what a power the superstition of the nobility still exercises upon men of sense. The new journalism will soon show up the titled crooks in England as frankly as it shows up the evil doers in high place in this country. The sort of new journalism that will make the ruling classes in England answerable to public opinion, by exposing their methods of working the government just like American politicians of the baser sort, will do more to further democracy in England than has ever been done before. England has had no such scandals as we have had in government affairs, solely because the press has been awed into silence, or bribed into silence, by the distinguished criminals.

The Future of Expansion

IF anyone believes that the United States expansion as a world-power is to stop at the West Indies and the Philippines, that person is mistaken. Our present little difficulty with the Sultan of Turkey illustrates the way in which we may be drawn into complications. There is no doubt that if this country should send a fleet to Constantinople to collect our claim at the point of the cannon, the result would be a grave shock to Europe and one that might result in the attempt to apply to us a European Monroe Doctrine. Our friends, the missionaries, have always been in trouble in China, and now that "the Boxers" are setting out to kill all the converts, it is likely that some United States missionaries will suffer. If any missionaries do suffer there will be occasion for a strong demand upon China, and the demand may be resented by Russia. Furthermore, a good deal of American money is being invested in China and that means that we may have to protect the investors by appeal to arms. So far as Africa is concerned, it must always be remembered that we have a small stake in that continent, in the little country of Liberia. That country doesn't look to be much upon the map, but it is big enough for cause of war, in the event of aggression upon its territory such as has been rumored from time to time. Liberia is not under our protection, exactly, but the fact that some of the leading men there have, from time to time, appealed to this country to establish such protectorate counts for much, as an indication that the little nation looks upon itself as an offshoot of our own. On this continent there is a general feeling, though it finds little loud expression, that Canada and the United States must either combine or have very serious trouble in the not very distant future. The tariffs, the sea-fisheries issues, the Alaskan boundary, the mining regions along the boundaries, are all causes of friction and there will be others the nature of which may be imagined from the recent dynamiting of the Welland Canal or from the remembrance of the Fenian raid, after the Civil War. There was a strong party in Canada, at one time, in favor of annexation to the United States, but the annexation spirit has apparently been suppressed in the recent access of imperialistic feeling consequent upon the Queen's Jubilee and the war in the Transvaal. Canada has been acting ugly for some time past with regard to disputes with the United States. Ugliness in such matters is very apt to beget ugliness and the result may be disastrous. As to the possibilities of our involvement in the affairs of South American States, they are almost innumerable. We have been told often enough, of late, of the designs of European powers upon South American empire. While the designs may not be probable they are possible. Besides, if we had authority to fight for peace in Cuba, it stands to reason that we may some day be called to interfere to suppress anarchy in the South American countries, when that anarchy shall interfere with our trade. For instance, the time will come when the United States will not tolerate such a condition of affairs as now exists in Venezuela, and if the United States undertakes to preserve the peace it will have to assume a protectorate. It is very likely that the United States will have to take all South America under its authority when that much and strangely neglected territory shall begin to open up to mankind at large. That the prospects for United States expansion and war are so numerously brilliant may or may not be a matter for cheerful contemplation, but that the indications of the times are all in the direction of some such developments as herein indicated cannot be denied by any dispassionate observer of current history.

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Hearst for Vice-President

A WISE observer of events and tendencies writes the MIRROR from New York City to the effect that the nominee for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket will be William R. Hearst, proprietor of the New York *Journal*. Hearst has millions. He has an ambition to distinguish himself by a candidacy for office, as did Mr. Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune*. His paper has been faithful to Mr. Bryan, even though it has thought the silver issue dead. It was

the only metropolitan paper of Democratic antecedents that remained loyal in 1896. Mr. Hearst, besides the New York *Journal*, owns the San Francisco *Examiner*, the most powerful paper in the Far West. California is classed as a doubtful State. It is thought that Mr. Hearst's nomination may carry the State for the Democracy, and that it may carry some other Pacific Coast States. Mr. Hearst is an expansionist, but that will not hurt him. He distinguishes between expansion and imperialism, declaring against the latter. Mr. Hearst is young, but he has ability, and as a young man he might appeal to the young voter. But the great points in his favor with the practical politicians are, that he has a "bar'l," and that he hails from New York, a State the Democracy would much like to have this year. Tammany Hall may turn up at Kansas City with Hearst for second place, and if that should happen it would not be difficult for Hearst to secure the nomination. It is in order, therefore, to keep the eye peeled for the Willie Hearst boom.

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Those Infamous Railroads

AGAIN those infamous institutions, the railroads, are discovered in a nefarious action, calculated further to increase popular demand that all their franchises be forfeited and that all the positions of directors and operators be filled by politicians. When, some time ago, an order went forth abrogating the payment of commissions to ticket agents, there was a fierce howl to the effect that this was one of the economies by which the so-called railroad trust was to earn dividends. The poor ticket agent wouldn't get anything for sending passengers over a particular line, connecting with his own. He would starve. But he isn't starving. I note that over one hundred ticket agents of the Burlington route have had their salaries raised in an amount to recompense them for whatever loss they may have sustained owing to the stoppage of commissions. The Burlington is laudably prompt in making the reparation to the ticket agents, and all the other Western lines will soon follow suit. Every agent who has lost anything in commissions will be compensated. A great many agents, however, who never made any commissions off the other roads, have made application for increased salary. Those applications will be rejected, and from those applicants we may expect to hear a renewed howl. The public will pay no attention to it, for it is well known that there is no business in this country in which better wages are paid than in the railroad service. There is no service wherein merit is more certain of recognition, promotion goes less by favor, and the heads of the concern are more interested in the well-being of their subordinates. I do not believe there are ten general officers of railroad systems in the United States who have not risen to their present places from the humblest positions, of brakeman, switchman, track-walker. It is this that makes the railroad man at the head of affairs almost always a humane and sympathetic person, under all the necessary rigors of discipline, and makes him a typical American good fellow without any frills. Railroading is the most democratic of all businesses, although it is topped by a fine aristocracy based upon performance and general worth. Railroad managers are almost invariably just to their employes, and upon nearly all the great systems there is growing up a socialistic sentiment in favor of admitting the employes to a share in the profits, under certain conditions. The railroads keep their word with their employes, and they are ready to discuss and remedy grievances, and, of late years, since the passage of depression, the railroads have been the conspicuous first institutions to hasten the return of prosperity to the worker. Of all the objects of agrarian and populistic hatred the railroads are the least deserving of legislative maltreatment, and no people know this better than the employes of the roads.

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Fitzharris and Mullet

TWO of the Phoenix Park assassins, Fitzharris and Mullet, have been excluded, under the immigration laws, as criminals and paupers. Doubtless the action will infuriate the physical force wing of the American-Irish party. It will be the last straw to break the backs of those

"dynamiters" who left the Democracy to support Blaine. It marks the end of Irish Republicanism, and, coming in conjunction with the alleged freeze-out of the Boer envoys, by the Administration, will help swell the chorus of denunciation of our English-controlled government. However all that may be, the law is the law, and its application in this case of the two men in question is just. They are murderers, and therefore not the kind of immigrants we wish to come to this country. The Phoenix Park assassination was a particularly atrocious crime, and no amount of sophistry can make it out to have had any political justification. The crime was uncalled for, and it hurt the cause in which it was, supposedly, committed. The men who did the deed were not heroes. Assassination is not heroic, especially when a dozen men league together to slaughter two men. And more especially when the slaughter is resultless of political good. The writer of this paragraph believes that no true Irishman is without sympathy for the physical force feature of Irish agitation. The best Irishman will dream of the pike and gun as the best means to redress his country's wrongs, but the only Irish assassination that the better classes of Irishmen have approved was the murder of the Earl of Leitrim, and he was killed, not specifically because he was a landlord rack-renter, but because he was a libertine and a seducer among his tenantry. The better sort of American-Irish will, in the course of a calm consideration of the case of Fitzharris and Mullet, come to the conclusion that the immigration laws have been justly applied in excluding them.

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Music at Meals

I READ in a paper the other day an advertisement of a swell restaurant in which appeared the significant words: "No Music." Would that the inducement thus held out should become more common. Music at meals has become, as a rule, a bore. One wearies of the task of masticating and swallowing in time to the tune of some popular song or well-worn selections from the operas. The melody that one hears at the restaurant or the hotel dining-room has not usually any quality that makes good digestion wait on appetite. Music interferes with conversation and conversation, among civilized people, is more than half of dining. The little orchestra or band in a beer garden is not particularly offensive. One does not go to a beer garden solely to gratify the appetite, but rather for rest, to which such music as there rendered, when not excessively bad, conduces. At a restaurant, however, the perpetual music loses its charm, even when it is good. At a hotel dining-room, the music always seems to incline to the mournful, even though the tune be such a lilt as "The Innocent Young Maid," while the various vile scrapings and tootings of the Mascagni "Intermezzo," Handel's "Largo" or Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," are calculated to drive real appreciators of music to drink. That might be "good for the house," but the greatest latitudinarian on the liquor question would hardly contend that it would be good for the person so affected. People, nowadays, do not go to restaurants or dining-rooms for the music there to be heard. A few years ago, perhaps, they did. Quite often one hears, now, that the music feature of the eating place is something to repel rather than to attract patrons. Without doubt, the custom has its commendable points. One would not object to the music now and then. But to hear it all the time and everywhere, is to lose the charm of novelty. All the orchestras and bands play the same things. All are devoted to the ditty of the hour. And the mob insists strenuously upon the performance of popular airs over and over again until the effect of obsession by certain tunes is maddening. To a certain extent most of us are hardened to the custom. We go out to dine and don't hear the music, unless the orchestra happens to be strikingly good. That the music at meals idea is, within certain limitations, a good one, is not to be denied, but neither is it to be disputed that the fad has been carried to the point of annoyance of the general public. There are, of course, people who like music at meals, in its present vogue, and one would not wilfully interfere to stop their innocent enjoyment. Still it is to be hoped that there will be soon a few dining places to

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which a man or a woman may go of an evening, or at any other time, without hearing the interminable harmonies which have latterly persecuted us on every hand. Music is a fine thing, a divine thing, if you will, but there is music and music. Also there is a time and place for all things and the time is not always or the place everywhere for anything. The best thing in the world becomes commonplace by over-use. And the judicious may well grieve in thinking how the carrying to an extreme of this fad of music at meals is cheapening, vulgarizing, and degrading a beautiful art of expression. What is objected to, be it emphasized here, finally, is not the thing itself, but the abuse of it. It is only another instance of the habit we have, in this day, of running every good thing into the ground.

Uncle Fuller.

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MUNICIPAL REFORM—HOME RULE.

SOMETHING ABOUT LOCAL CONDITIONS.

HOW are we to have Municipal Reform in St. Louis? It is agreed on all hands that we need reform and need it badly. St. Louis is now controlled as to its municipal offices by a corrupt, wasteful, incompetent Republican gang. The obvious first suggestion would be to turn out the Republicans and put in Democrats. But here in St. Louis there is an objection to this. The Democratic party in St. Louis is controlled by the Jefferson City or State machine. The Democratic candidates nominated for St. Louis would be dictated by gubernatorial appointees. The Democratic city machine is dominated by the appointees of the Governor. The election machinery of the city is dominated and controlled by the Governor. That machinery flatters itself that it can elect anybody it nominates, regardless of Republican opposition or even Democratic scratching. Scratching and Republican votes can be ignored. The Election Board will count in the regular Democratic candidates, if the Police Board machine cannot keep opposition voters away from the polls and successfully connive at machine repeating. The Nesbit election law in St. Louis is Goebelism transplanted from Kentucky. And Goebelism means that the party in power has everything its own way. The nominees of the Democratic party in St. Louis will be counted in by State officers. No matter what the character of men placed by the Democrats upon their city ticket, those men will owe allegiance first to the machine that nominates and elects them. They will be bound to provide for the gang. The whole force of city employes will be increased at exorbitantly increased pay, just as the police force was increased at increased pay out of the city's revenue. The State Democratic machine will fix the State Legislature to pass laws compelling St. Louis to pay for the increased army of employes. The Democratic city officials will be dictated to by the State organization and they will not have to consider the St. Louis tax-payer. He was not considered when he protested against the \$600,000 increase in expenditure for police. The State Democratic machine jammed the bill through the Legislature and St. Louis has to pay, even though the payment empties the treasury. The details of the machine's operations are elaborated further on.

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It has been suggested that we may get better government in St. Louis by the Cleveland method. Leading public-spirited citizens, under the Cleveland method, are to form an organization on a non-partisan basis. This organization is to investigate the records of the nominees in both parties, submit the result to the voters and signify the candidates who are the better men, thus intimating the necessity of the scratching of the worse men. This will direct the independent vote and supposedly defeat the worse candidates. The organization of independents will rally around the men recommended and against the men not recommended. This will elect the better men. Such is the Cleveland plan, as outlined in the MIRROR on several occasions, by Mr. M. A. Fanning, secretary of the Cleveland Municipal Association for Better Municipal Government.

But it won't work here. And why?

Because the Democratic State machine has the city by the throat. The Election Board, under the Nesbit law, controls the appointment of election judges and clerks. The Election Board is composed of two Democrats and one Republican, but the Republican is appointed by the Democratic Governor and he is, according to "practical" political principle, a Republican anxious to knife his own party. At least, he is, however honest, sure to be out-voted. The Democrats name the judges and clerks. There is no appeal possible to any court, from their decision. The Democrats will not listen to Independents or to Republicans. The law under which they operate was passed "to make St. Louis Democratic," not to give the city honest elections, or good government. The Election Board is organized to prevent scratching. It is organized to nullify scratching. Its judges and clerks can ignore the scratched ballots. The judges and clerks are part of the Democratic machine. The police force, organized into the Democratic machine, will co-operate with the judges and clerks from the same organization—the Jefferson Club. Protestants against rejected ballots will be clubbed away from the polls. Independent voters will be clubbed away from the polls. Gangs of repeaters, with the pass-word from the organization, will be allowed to vote as often and in as many places as they please. The judges and clerks from the Jefferson Club will report their returns to the Election Board members of the Jefferson Club, and will report the election of Democrats. Under such an arrangement there is absolutely no use for an organization to scratch any candidate on the Democratic ticket. There is no need, under this arrangement, that the Democratic machine shall fear any organization of scratchers. The ticket will "go through," be the nominees good or bad. Any independent reform organization would thunder in vain against bad Democratic candidates. The independent voter either will not be allowed to vote, or his vote will be cast by repeaters, or his vote will be taken and not counted, or it will be taken and counted the way he does not intend it shall be counted.

Under the Nesbit law and with the Election Board co-operating with the police force and the Jefferson Club to make the election nothing but a ratification of the Jefferson Club State machine convention, there is absolutely no chance for any scratching campaign to win. It will do no good to scratch Democratic candidates, and the Republican candidates are destined to defeat in any event.

St. Louis and St. Louisans are at the mercy of men appointed by the State machine. The State is appallingly Democratic. There is no prospect that St. Louis can overthrow the machine fastened upon it by the Democratic Legislature. St. Louis may vote down the machine candidates. The candidates will be returned elected. No matter what St. Louis may do, it is helpless. The Democratic ring Governor appoints the Election Board. He also appoints the Police Board. The Election Board and the Police Board unite to put all the police force and all other office-holders into the Jefferson Club. The Jefferson Club is the party. It is bossed from Jefferson City in the interest of the State gang. St. Louis interests are not regarded in the least. Laws are made to make the State gang control the city, to make the city support the State gang and the Jefferson Club. And the election laws are framed to stifle protest by St. Louisans.

At present the municipal offices in St. Louis are held by Republicans. They were elected before the laws were fixed to prevent the election of Republicans. These laws are now in force. The Republicans have no chance. The Democrats are so secure in the perfection of their machinery that they will nominate whom they please, and they will only nominate men who will do what the Jefferson Club wants. And the Jefferson Club will be directed from Jefferson City, by an for people who do not live here, can't find their way from the Union Station to the hotel when they come here, and have no fear of the resentment of St. Louis tax-payers against the increase of their burdens. "Yaps," "reubs," "grays" and "jays" in politics say who shall be our municipal officers, say what men shall

be appointed to what places of minor importance, say what we shall pay out of our treasury. And we may protest in vain. The "yaps," "reubs," "grays" and "jays" in the country have fixed it so that their tools, after naming our candidates, shall count our votes as they see fit. St. Louis is ruled by the State ring of country politicians, and that ring purposes to rule us solely and simply by refusing to recognize the votes of any St. Louisans except those that are sworn to support the ring.

St. Louis is absolutely deprived of Home Rule. Its people are the slaves of the rural bosses. Its money is subject to any sort of draft the State gang may make upon it. The State gang controls the Democratic party. The Democratic party has fixed St. Louis so it cannot go otherwise than Democratic. There is, practically, no relief. There is no free ballot in or for St. Louis.

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Now one of the cardinal principles of Democracy is Home Rule. It was the illogical extreme of Home Rule that ruined the Democracy in secession. It is the Home Rule idea that makes Democracy impractically oppose anything but self-government pure and simple, for Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Yet St. Louis is so tied up by the Democratic bosses of the State of Missouri that its citizens' officers are chosen by the State machine, that its money is taken in defiance of the will of its citizens, that its votes are miscounted and nullified. St. Louis' property and liberty and votes are taken away by a ring in the interest of the ring's desire to control the city spoils.

In New York, recently, Mr. David Bennett Hill made a speech in which he declared that the great issue the day was Home Rule vs. Centralization. In that speech he was complaining against the methods in which the Republican State machine of New York was usurping and trampling under foot the rights of local subordinate communities.

Ex-Senator and ex-Governor Hill says:

"Thoughtful men view with alarm the tendency of the dominant faction of the Republican party towards centralization of power in State government. The fact can not be disguised that the nature of our system of State government, especially that which concerns local administration, has been materially changed in recent years, through legislative action, sometimes insidiously—almost stealthily, and at other times boldly and unblushingly, until now a serious situation confronts the people. They discover that the principle of home rule, supposed to be entrenched in the guarantees of the Constitution, is regarded by the Legislature as held subject to its discretion—to be granted or withheld at its pleasure. They find that the old and salutary doctrine that 'in the diversification of power lies the safety of the State' has been set aside and superseded by the regal theory that the concentration of power in the State is better than local self-government. Each succeeding year witnesses fresh invasions of the domain of the people's local sovereignty."

Substitute in the above paragraph for the word "Republican" in the second line, the word "Democratic," and we have a perfect description of what has been done in the way of destroying Home Rule for St. Louis, in the Democratic State of Missouri.

"It began," Mr. Hill continues, "in the matter of finance, when local revenues were arbitrarily diverted to State purposes to meet the demands of a depleted treasury occasioned by extravagant administration."

Missouri has done just that thing. This city has paid out, in performing duties as a county, after deducting receipts in fees, between 1877 and 1899 inclusive, the sum of \$16,265,342 06. The city has been mulcted for this sum through the saddling upon the municipality of expenses that do not belong to the city as a corporation, such as the administration of justice, the public charities and the holding of State elections. The city abandoned its right to levy a tax for these purposes such as counties have under the Constitution, and so St. Louis has given all this money to the State when it should have spent it on its own affairs. In every matter relating to the State's regulation of St. Louis "the well defined distinctions which had always existed between State and local revenues were ignored, and the safe and just rule which had theretofore universally

prevailed, of applying 'State revenues for State purposes and local revenues for local purposes,' was abandoned in the disgraceful scramble to secure financial and political advantage at the expense of principle." The quotation is from Mr. Hill's attack upon the Republican Legislature of New York, at Syracuse, April 23d, of this year. St. Louis is systematically "bled" by State laws enacted in the interest of the State machine.

Says Mr. Hill again: "Local supervision of excise matters was transferred to State officials, to the exclusion of local representatives elected by the people." The Democrats of New York protest against this. The Democratic Legislature of Missouri has placed the excise matters of St. Louis in charge of State Democratic officials to the exclusion of local representatives of St. Louis elected by the people of St. Louis. The Excise Commissioner of St. Louis is a State officer and the plunder of the office goes into the Democratic gang's pocket, while the greater part of the money not soaked away by the gang, goes to the State.

Mr. Hill then denounces the Republicans of New York for creating by the Legislature a metropolitan election district, "whereby a State official appointed by the Governor and called a State Superintendent of Elections, was placed in charge of all elections in municipalities, superseding the officials selected by the municipalities themselves, and imposing upon the municipalities, without their consent, a horde of official subordinates . . . empowered to perform functions essentially local in their character." This is an outrage, according to Democrats, in New York. It is just what Missouri legislatures have done to St. Louis for years, except that the Legislature has fixed the St. Louis Election Board so that it may, at its pleasure, disfranchise any number of citizens of St. Louis, and that, too, without providing for any appeal from the packed Board's rulings.

In New York the system of imposing State rule upon municipalities is "in the interest of corrupt political bosses who can, through unfair apportionment, control Legislatures, but who cannot so well control localities scattered throughout the State where much independence of thought prevails when public interest is aroused." These are the words of a Democrat denouncing Republicans. They apply perfectly to the corrupt political bosses of the Democratic persuasion who control the Democratic Missouri Legislature and cannot control St. Louis, where there is much independent thought when public interest is aroused. The Democratic Legislature of Missouri does what the bosses direct to punish St. Louis for going Republican. The Democratic gang can not win St. Louis fairly in an election. Therefore the Legislature enacts laws enabling the gang to win crookedly. Or the gang gives the Governor power under the law to appoint officials of St. Louis who couldn't be elected dog-catcher by the votes of St. Louis.

Mr. Hill says: "This question should not be regarded as a party question. It is rather a question of good government, a question of public safety, a question of the honest maintenance of the true nature and theory of our form of State government, a question of the preservation of the rights of the people against the encroachments of the State." If that be true of New York, it is true of Missouri.

"In plain words," says Senator Hill, speaking of conditions in New York, "local self government throughout the State seems to be dependent upon the consent of those who dictate our legislative policy. The measure of our local rights is governed by their magnanimity or their selfishness. It is based upon no settled principle." Is not every word of this true of the case of St. Louis? Our local rights are measured by the necessities of the gang, of Stephens, Stone, Cook, the petty county bosses. They want to dictate the government of St. Louis, and to name the men who shall govern the city. To do so they enact State laws that enable State officers to strangle the voice of the people at the polls in St. Louis. The State gang names our Election Board, our Police Board, our Excise Commissioner, our Coal Oil Inspector, our Beer Inspector. And now the few city officials who have been left to election by

citizens of St. Louis are to be chosen by a State machine, and counted in by State-appointed officers.

"I protest against this travesty upon free government," says Mr. Hill, "and insist that we shall return to the safe path from which our rulers have strayed, and restore to the people the rightful administration of their own local governments, whether they be under Democratic or Republican control, freed from the unreasonable interference of the State." What Democrat in Missouri protests against the State's new election law designed to make it impossible to elect a Republican in St. Louis, against the usurpation of local excise power, against the seizure of money from the St. Louis treasury to pay policemen who are appointed in order that they may join and contribute to a local machine bossed by Governor's appointees?

Mr. Hill declares he "would make the State strong only by making its various subdivisions vigorous and healthful. I would give the largest measure of home rule to every locality—Republican or Democratic—consistent with the actual safety of the State." What the Democratic bosses of Missouri do to the city of St. Louis is exactly the opposite of what Mr. Hill would do.

"I would strip State Legislatures of the opportunity to infringe upon the essential rights of localities," says David Bennett Hill, Democrat. Here in Missouri the Democratic tendency is to strip localities of their essential rights and to make the State Legislature, in its bucolic ignorance, prejudice and corruption—for there is no boodler so rapacious as the rural boodler—the supreme power in communities that should govern themselves. St. Louis is badly governed by the men it has selected of itself. But it could turn those men out. It is equally badly governed by the officers put over it by the Legislature. But it cannot change that, for St. Louis cannot out-vote the blindly Boeotian Democracy of the State at large.

Every infamous abridgment of Home Rule for localities by the Republican Legislature of New York, is duplicated in the treatment of St. Louis by the machine-controlled Legislature of Missouri. Furthermore, the Missouri Legislature has actually framed an election law, the operation of which is frankly designed to suppress an honest ballot and to give effect to the venal vote that can be manipulated by the State bosses. Republicans are disfranchised. Independent voting is prevented. The machinery of election is given into the hands of a police force organized into a political club of spoilsman. St. Louis has less home rule than Havana or Honolulu or Manila or Ponce in Porto Rico. And the tendency is to diminish still further the city's self-governing functions. The State Legislature can fasten bad officers upon this city by appointment; it can loot the city treasury; it can fasten Street Railway syndicates upon the city without regard to local opinion; it takes the election machinery away from St. Louis and puts it in control of the rural politicians.

St. Louis is badly governed by Republicans, atrociously governed. That is true. But the programme of turning to Democrats for relief does not commend itself. A city of 700,000 people should not be governed by a lot of hayseed grafters. The Democratic State machine cannot be reached by the people of St. Louis, at the polls. The machine has fixed things so that opposition votes will not count, or be counted.

St. Louisians can only attain Home Rule by a political revolt. There is no use choosing between Republicans and Democrats. No Democrat elected will be other than a machine man. Only a machine man can be nominated. No Republican but a machine Republican can be nominated for office. Regular party nominations will be equally bad. The parties are equally bad. Both illustrate especial phases of misgovernment. It will do no good to scratch a Democrat for a Republican or *vice versa*. There is no choice. There is but one chance of reform in St. Louis.

Put up an Independent ticket. Let it be nominated in a convention of the various organizations of the city, the clubs of various sorts, the trades unions, the commercial organizations. Every organization that can be induced to

take interest in reform should send delegates. Such a convention would be truly representative of the population, and a ticket that would receive so many votes that the State Democratic machine election board would not dare to count the candidates out. One party or the other might indorse the ticket, but it must be an Independent ticket owing nothing to the party. Let the platform declare only for Home Rule, honest municipal administration and the merit system in appointments. Let the ticket be anti-Ziegenhein and anti-Stephens, anti-Wurzberger and anti-Hawes, anti-State machine, anti-city machine. Only thus can we have good municipal government. Without such a movement we shall simply have to choose between the Merchants' League gang of Republican grafters and the Jefferson Club gang of Democratic plunderers.

W. M. R.

THE PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN.

COLD TRUTH ABOUT HIS MERITS AND DEMERITS.

[For the MIRROR.]

In the abstract, music is an art; often in the concrete, it is a trade. A professional musician, therefore, should be an artist; frequently he is an artisan. In a world where art is appreciated for its own sake, and at its real value, it would be to the true musician, "more blessed to give than to receive." In the world as it is, he is lucky if he gets anything to receive. Mozart, Schubert and others gave to the world priceless treasures and died paupers. Schumann and many more gave even their minds. Nearly all the great ones had to die before their merit was recognized. Pretty lines on a tombstone are a rather late recognition of a life's sacrifice and labor. The homage paid only to the dead is a stern arraignment of the living. The appreciation of the glory of the setting sun follows best upon the joy that beheld his rising.

The professional musician is, as such, almost an unknown quantity. The question is, is he a musician, or is it really all or quite profession? Has he gone down into the depths or up into the heights of his art until he has become a part of it? Has he lived upon the heavenly manna until his spiritual nature has grown and grown and become kin to the immortals? Or has he put on sale his little knowledge until it has become exhausted, and finally put himself on the block to be knocked down to the highest and most foolish bidder? The professional musician should be an artist. His art should be his life work, not because his body needs bread, but because his soul needs inspiration. Music should pour from his heart like pure water from a mountain spring; not like Mississippi mud from a sprinkling cart, mud now and mud forever. There is a soul side to music, for music is the soul's language.

It is a pity that there are no legal restrictions regulating admission to the practice of music as a profession. A doctor or lawyer must show cause why he shall be allowed to appeal to the confidence of the public, but the worst charlatan may hang out his sign and teach music "with impunity." No law is imposed on him to make necessary at least the semblance of a musical education. He may take a dozen lessons and pose as a teacher. The public has not, up to this time, cared to protect itself from being humbugged, and it has utterly failed to realize that its love for and appreciation of the beautiful is being dwarfed and even killed by having beauty itself deformed until past recognition. There should be some standard established for the professional musician. With it there would be quacks enough, and a conscious quack is a thief.

Musicians as patrons of musical enterprises have not made for themselves an enviable reputation. Many of them seem to think that they have a right to attend performances without even the formality of a complimentary ticket. Some do not hesitate to say that their august and honored presence will give a tone, respectability and dignity to a performance which are almost as necessary to its success as the work of the artists beyond the footlights. His "face" at the door is his ticket of admission; one which even St. Peter is expected to honor. What surprises are in store

for some people! No musician posing as a beggar is an honor to a performance, to himself or to his art. He is nothing but a beggar, and if he gets "turned down" he ought to console himself in that he deserved it. If he holds an honorable place in the community, earned by services rendered, he will, either as an invited guest or as a ticket-holder, do himself and the performance honor, but most especially if he has contributed to its financial success.

The professional musician lives upon the musical appreciation of the community and every worthy performance raises the standard of that appreciation. If he has any foresight at all he will do all in his power, even to buying tickets, to sustain and encourage these quiet civilizers, and will not leave it all to his presence and his "face."

The professional musician as a critic is often a fool. Vanity and ignorance go hand in hand, and in an effort to display superior knowledge he poisons the minds of those around him, aided by seeming authority. It is frequently hard for one musician to see any good in another, because they are not personal friends, or because one does not approve all the methods of the other. If they are both real musicians, while they may differ on superficial points, they will agree on most of the fundamental elements involved. It might be well to keep this in mind.

Professional musicians frequently display a childish propensity for quarreling. It seems to me that it would be better if each would take his rags and go home—perhaps to glory.

The professional musician is usually obliged to use his art to supply his daily bread. It is simply an outrage to expect him to give his time and talent to any purpose whatever, even for charity. If he chooses to play or sing without remuneration, well and good; it is his own business. But there are plenty of well-disposed persons who think it is his *duty* to do so. It is held that it costs him nothing excepting a little labor and he can afford to give that. Possibly he can. Surely he could, if, when he should give a concert for his own benefit, all those who have called on him for aid would go to the box office and buy tickets. Do they do it? Not that anyone ever heard of. Even the police can't find them at such a time. Yet, after it is over and partially forgotten, around they come with that same sickly smile and ask the musician to give the best he has, right out of his heart and life, for some fad, perhaps, in which they are interested.

As long as the world finds itself unable to get along without music there will be professional musicians and they will be of all kinds. What they are will depend very much on what the public demands; for the laws of demand and supply hold good in the domain of music as elsewhere. An appreciation of real merit must be the basis of judgment. When the good things are separated from the bad and encouraged there will be progress both for the musician and his patrons. In this city much valuable time is wasted in condemning the bad, often when it is its own sufficient condemnation. One cannot damn a man into virtue, nor can one criticize maliciously and produce perfection. The public can encourage the musician to do his best by showing that when he does a good thing it is known and prized. Every devotee of art possesses a reasonably sensitive nature and can be discouraged by continuous condemnation or inspired by judicious praise. Let the public insist upon artistic merit and it will get it, especially if it shows itself ready and willing to pay for it. The musician naturally refuses to cast his pearls before pigs. He knows full well that to many people music is measured by its cost rather than by its merit. This rule works both ways, since some will consider a thing good only when it is high-priced, others when it costs little or nothing. Let the public, composed of the amateurs and their friends, demand excellence of the profession, pay for it, and then keep off the stage themselves and give it a chance and it will meet their demands.

The profession of music is, in this country, a tender plant struggling up through a mass of weeds, sticks and stones. It needs sunlight, pure air, gently falling rain. The soil is rich and capable of sustaining a wonderful

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growth. The gardener, the American nation, does not know the value of its fragile stem, stretching out its leaves for kindly aid, yet in all the garden, with its stately trees, gorgeous foliage, brilliant colors and sweet perfume, there is nothing so full of gladness for the human soul as this tender vine which must live by twining itself around the hearts of men.

Homer Moore.

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THE D. O. C. AND OLD GLORY.

A RECENT FOOLISH FLAG EPISODE.

(For the MIRROR.)

NOTHING so unfortunate has occurred in woman's organizations, in a long time, as the action of the D. O. C., of Louisville, Kentucky, relative to the use conjointly of the stars and stripes with the "conquered banner" of Father Ryan in decorating the hall for the Confederate reunion in that city. It is all the more to be deplored in these days of associated press dispatches, when that which is done in the corners is bruited abroad in all the great centers of the world, and when the teapot tempests of the little towns start the whirlwinds of the metropolis. That which was only an ill-advised action of a few women, carried off their feet by a partisanship which, for the time being, narrowed their outlook and dwarfed their reason, will now become, through widespread notoriety, a glaring reflection upon every other Chapter, in every other State, of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

It was a small matter to disrupt a society, but it has always been the small matters—and the small minds—that have made the schisms in bodies political, religious and social; and among women's organizations a prominence has always been given to these unpleasant disputes and bickerings. Whether it is because of malice-aforethought upon the part of the sterner sex which conducts the great journals, or because more gentleness and patience is expected of women in all the relations of life, and these organization upheavals strike with greater force because of their attendant shock, one cannot say,—personally, the writer inclines toward the latter view—but so it is.

lodges may meet and revel in disorder, men's clubs may fall out about a supper, a dancer, a banjo-player, or a twentieth century discussion and be shaken to the foundations thereof, and precious little notice will the world take, unless there happen to be a humorous element which will make a good story to pass around, but let a few women organize and fall out, and lo! there are press dispatches to all the high places and low places that all the earth may exclaim: "Behold, what fools are women and how they disagree!"

No more ridiculous disagreement could have arisen than this about the flag; especially ridiculous is it among Daughters of the Confederacy, most of whose grandsires walked in the bloodstained snow of Valley Forge, or shouldered their flintlocks at Eutaw Springs or followed Washington, Marion and Lee wherever the star of destiny led, that this same old banner of stars and stripes should wave over the country that they had sworn to free. What if the brothers 'd fall out some forty years ago, and heroes marched to death and final defeat after the bravest struggle in the world behind their banner of crimson bars, was not Old Glory theirs by right of the blood-purchase of their sires and is it not ours through the same title? And when with reverent hands we unfold the tattered banner, "drooping weary" for its need of defeat around the staff which dead hands clasped at Manassas, the Wilderness, Shiloh, and where not, and stained with the best blood of the sweet Southland, shall we forget the greater debt to the older flag, whose folds through the din of battle and the smoke of the fray floated serenely over the terrible conflict between the grandsons of the men, who had planted it upon the ramparts of the Nation they had built upon their lives and fortunes and to which they had pledged their sacred honor?

Ask Joe Wheeler, ask Fitzhugh Lee, ask any son of the South who marched to tropic heats a few twelvemonths ago beside his blue-coated brother of the North, "What of the

Flag?" and they will uncover before all it means to every man who loves his country, and one and all will say: "I will die for it." And because there is another flag for which our fathers gave their lives and fortunes in a struggle for their interpretation of the Constitution, shall a few of us women who love that flag and have crowned it with immortelles repudiate this grand old banner for which our husbands, lovers, brothers and sons stand ready to-day to die?

Shall we, because of a tender memory that our mothers taught us in our cradles, and that we shall and do teach our daughters and sons, put ourselves upon record as aliens in our own land, as the mothers of sons who are reared to hate the flag that represents to them home, country, liberty and the blood of their grandfathers which soaked many a battle-ground in the far away days when the buff and blue of the ragged Continentals wrested independence from the red-coated sons of a tyrannical mother-country?

Thank Heaven, such affairs as that at Louisville can not happen often, since it is only a handful of women in these days of wider education and broader planes of thought that could be found to make this issue. The D. O. C. at large are daughters of men who were patriots and heroes and there is enough of the patriotic strain yet coursing in their veins to make them as true to the flag of their country as there was in their fathers, in 1861, when they unfurled the crimson bars which stood for the States' Rights which meant to them, the foundation of their country's liberties. Whether their interpretation was wrong or right does not matter here; theirs was no ignoble strife and they forfeited no right to serve the stars and stripes in latter years.

To-day it is our privilege as Daughters of the Confederacy to embalm in immortal memory the flag that led these dauntless men in grey to death on Southern fields and final surrender at Appomattox, but it is also our right as daughters of the Revolution (and that we virtually all are) to claim our full share in the blood-bought glory of the stars and stripes, and still more, is it our privilege as women of America to love and honor and serve the flag that protects us and keeps us what we are to-day—the best-loved, the best-treated, the happiest race of women in the world?

Frances Porcher.

THE WARNING IN COTTON.

INFLATIONISM PROMISES FURTHER DISASTER.

(For the MIRROR.)

FOR some time, Wall Street and speculative communities generally have been kept on the *qui vive* by vague rumors that some prominent houses were in financial straits and making desperate efforts to keep their heads above water. Nothing of a definite nature could be obtained, however, and optimistic people were, therefore, disposed to ridicule the rumors, and to declare that they had been set afloat for the purpose of "bearing" the markets, that is, for depressing values.

Careful observers could not be deceived, however; they noticed the constant, though unostentatious liquidation, and took in some of their sails. There was a most pronounced apathetic tendency in the stock market; the occasional rallies were extremely, or rather suspiciously, feeble, and selling pressure increased every day. In addition to disquieting developments in the stock market, there were also storm-signals apparent in the cotton market. For some weeks, cotton continued to reflect unusual liquidation, the final result being a reaction of more than 122 points, culminating in the announcement of the failure of the prominent house of Price, McCormick & Co., New York.

The *krach* had been foreseen by conservative people ever since last February. The inflation craze, after spending its force in the security markets, transferred itself to the cotton market. Rapidly decreasing supplies of this staple favored the efforts of the manipulators to advance prices, and at times the excitement was intense, on both sides of the Atlantic. Values rose rapidly, almost startlingly, in spite of warnings and heavy selling for both accounts.

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Of course, there had to be an end to the craze. After the zenith had been reached, purchasers found themselves unable to dispose of their accumulated holdings, and realizing at last the dangers and risks of their position, especially after it became practically certain that this year's would be a good crop, they made haste to sell. The number of buyers, however, dwindled rapidly, according as prices receded; the big holders tried, by sheer force, to maintain values, but without avail. Would-be purchasers had arrived at the conclusion that prices were unwarrantably high and that a sharp reaction could not be prevented; they held off and stood from under. Price, McCormick & Co. found themselves unable to meet calls for margin to protect their "long" commitments; they realized that all was over and made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. Another very interesting chapter has thus been added to the record of inflations.

The prices of all commodities as well as securities had advanced to a prodigious extent since 1898. The boomers were overdoing things, in their efforts to reap a harvest; they found many victims, even among ordinarily sagacious and experienced people. From the extreme of depression and low values in 1896, there had been a rush to the extreme of exuberance and high values in 1899-1900. "What fools these mortals be!" How could it be possible that persons of sane mind threw their better judgment and discretion to the winds and hugged such silly and fantastical delusions?

The trust-promotion craze should have conveyed timely and significant warning. Such stupendous inflation and over-capitalization, such stock-jobbing gone mad could have but one result, namely disaster—retribution. Yet, strange to say, those who advised caution were heeded as much as was the biblical voice in the desert; they were derided and laughed at, called chronic pessimists and croakers. People of high standing, politically and financially, joined in the Saturnalia; visions of fabulous wealth floated before the eye of every promoter, speculator and gambler, and there was prosperity galore.

It was, however, principally a gambler's prosperity; the masses of the people did not receive their due share of the improvement; they continued to sulk at the crumbs thrown at them from the table of Dives.

The prevailing strike fever amply attests the discontent among the working classes.

With proper conservatism and moderation, we could, however, have had a decent and lasting share of prosperity. The growth of our industries, the expansion in our foreign commerce; rapidly increasing gold supplies and the declaration in favor of the maintenance of the gold standard, furnished a good basis for business improvement and the welfare of the people. The trouble, however, was and is, that we are always rushing from one extreme to the other, and, therefore, our cycles of prosperity are lamentably short. We are ruled too much by sentiment and prone to disregard the dictates of cold, common sense. The cult of the golden calf is so intense at certain times that it leads to mental aberration, and, under the leadership of sharpers and financial Frankensteins, the business interests of the country are jeopardized and disregarded.

How can foreigners be expected to have any confidence in conditions in this country, when we indulge in such antics? Our securities would be in much better repute abroad, if there were less stock-jobbing and violent ups and downs. Could there be anything more disreputable and disgusting than the late developments in the steel securities? John W. Gates may not be a saint, but, in the light of recent events, he is undoubtedly a decided improvement on others that have been connected with him. His principal fault, in the eyes of his *confrères* is too much shrewdness; he took time by the forelock and fooled others before they had time to fool him. He foresaw what was coming and took to shore at the proper time.

The end of the inflation craze is not yet. There will be more sensations before a great while and wailing and cursing among unfortunate victims. The wages of sin is death, and the wages of inflation is bankruptcy for the guilty and the foolish.

Francis A. Huter.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN.

PRESIDENT JORDAN DEFENDS CO-EDUCATION.

HERE is no more distinguished champion of co-education than Prof. David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University. A recent article upon the subject, by Professor Jordan, appearing in *Harper's Bazar*, is synopsized in the *Literary Digest*: President Jordan does not agree with those who hold that a woman loses something by going to college—particularly to a college where co-education prevails. "All she had she holds," he remarks, "and may gain with it much more." Higher education does not unsex, he says; and not only will the direct intellectual training itself bring increased power for all the uses of life, but the intellectual atmosphere, the more serious views of life which prevail there, and the manifold associations with broad-minded women will result in increased gain in all womanly ways. He continues thus:

"It is true that the college woman has higher ideals of life and makes greater demands on manhood than the uncultured woman. No doubt, as a result of this, she may marry later, or not marry at all. But surely this is better than to be yoked unevenly. The higher culture gives resources for joy and action. It gives worth and dignity to unmarried life, but it takes away none of the joys of true marriage. I know that the idea is prevalent that the educated woman is spoiled for humbler duties, that she will play the piano in the parlor while her mother cooks in the kitchen, that she is weak in nerve and flabby in muscle, less fitted for the stress of life, and less willing to do her part in it, than her untrained mother or her unlettered grandmother. As to this, I can only say it is not the fact. It may be true in some slight degree of the sham education in French and music of the fashionable boarding-school. These are the candy and sweetmeats of education, not its solid and nutritious substance.

"A little learning without training is a dangerous thing. In these days of many books the uncultured woman is exposed to many new dangers which our grandmothers could not know. Half-educated mothers are too often caught by passing fads—medical, literary, and religious. It is among partly educated women that worthless books find their readiest sale. It is from among them that the societies for the promotion of 'the higher foolishness' draw their membership. Christian Science, Ralstonism, vegetarianism, faith cure, relic cure, osteopathy, psychic experiences, and a variety of delusions which real knowledge would dissipate, and which now add unprecedented terrors to matrimony, derive their support from women who have leisure to read, but who have never been trained to think.

"The training of the American college of to-day opposes to all this the critical spirit. It makes for calmness and firmness. The college woman is as vigorous in health, as firm in step, as clear in brain, as ready for real service, as devoted, loyal, and loving when she leaves the college as when she enters it. She knows a good deal better how to use her time than her mother did, and how to apply her strength. She is ready for her part in life, and she has some clear and critical sense of the relative value of different men and actions. There is no way known and none has ever been found which could prepare her better, or which could make her more ready for her great duties as wife and mother."

What is the outlook, he asks, for the university woman, the woman who not only has a baccalaureate degree, but, in addition has spent two or three years in special preparation for some definite profession? Dr. Jordan thinks it is a long road and a strenuous, but that those who aspire to it and are fit will never regret the effort:

"I was asked not long ago—'Should we encourage young women to work for the doctor's degree?' Should we tell them that success awaits them when this goal is passed and urge them to strain every muscle to reach it? As to this, it depends on the girl. If your encouragement is needed for her decision, do not give it. A college training is good for every intelligent and healthy girl, no matter what place in life may fall to her lot. She gains much and loses nothing. But the specialization of professional training has its losses as well. It is well to count all these. We should not urge a girl to strive for what she may not want. As a rule, she will not take it when she gets it. As a rule, she will not succeed when she takes it."

"The exceptional girl who is fitted for a college professorship will push ahead regardless of our encouragement. She will find few positions open to her when she reaches her goal. She will have many days of discouragement, but in the end her real deserts will be sure to find her out. But few of the women who have filled college positions have been really successful. This is partly because women find their joy in feeling rather than in achievement. In many cases this is because good intentions have been accepted instead of real capacity. Girls have been 'encouraged' to do what they were not ready to do well. Something like this is true in other professions. The woman lawyer is not readily accepted as an equal by her brethren. Many of these women have worked for notoriety rather than solid acquisition. Those who have patiently sought real success find a quiet career as counselors rather than a noisy one as advocates. In medicine many women have been most useful and successful. But the full percentage of triflers and quacks is found among women physicians.

"If a girl is fitted for a profession, she will distinctly feel a 'call' for its work. With the call which comes from taste and fitness she will not need to be urged forward. But this she must know, there is no gallantry in science or in art. She will not gain success on any but the most exacting terms, the same terms on which a man might win the same success."

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AT POE'S COTTAGE.

A VISIT TO FORDHAM.

(For the MIRROR.)

M Y mind was possessed with the mournful image of the Poet, the romance and tragedy of his life. This was the very air he breathed. Here were the scenes amid which he passed his last years with her, the Child-Wife, whose memory still mingles with his like a consecration. All that sad story of the rare genius fettered by poverty which eats out the soul, chained, too, in the deadlier bonds of evil habit—came upon me with the poignant force that the association of locality can give.

It had rained intermittently all the week, ending at last in a furious night of storm—such a night, I could not but think, in which his unquiet spirit would have rejoiced to walk abroad. The morning rose, calm, refreshed and beautiful, with the added peace of the Sabbath. I was early on the Kingsbridge road, and, without ever before having seen the place, or even a picture of it, without any direction, verbal or otherwise, something led me straight to the humble little cottage which had been the home of Poe.

Homely and poor indeed it is, but, thrilled as I was by the first glimpse of it, penetrated with a sudden realized sense of that immortal failure, the low, small house speaking silently of the

"Master Whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster"—took, in my eyes, the dignity and pathos of a shrine. How much more potent, after all, is a living memory than a mere literary reminiscence! Elsewhere one might think of Poe in the conventional manner; of his undoubted genius, yet unequal literary product, of his fickleness, his egotism, his constant recourse to friends in time of need, and his repudiation of them with the first ray of returning prosperity; of the legacy of many devils he inherited, bringing to naught all his nobler resolves and ambitions; lastly, of that fatal curse of drink and drugs which dogged him from defeat to defeat until it wrought out his untimely death.

All of which is true as truth, for have not many Sage Moralists told us so, and doth it not delight the whole Tribe of Dullness to be able to point the finger of scorn at a Gifted Poet?

But, look you, friend, here is not a place for harsh judgments, however just they be, upon the man and brother whom this humble roof once sheltered. Through this narrow gateway on which I lean, how often he passed, bearing his earth-burden of toil and sorrow and deferred hope that maketh the heart sick! His feet have worn the stones with their daily imprint—this small world was

his to whom imagination opened realms without bound. This poor cot afforded lodgment to a head that could have beggared the dreams of Prospero. Here he was often happy with the wife of his youth, who came to him a child and, still young and lovely, was called away. Through this very gateway, not changed at all, they carried her wasted form. One feels the hush upon the little throng of curious or pitying bystanders, after a lapse of fifty years. She died of want, it is said—I am glad to believe that heart-hunger had nothing to do with it.

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The little house stands with its shoulder to the street and is neighbored by some rather imposing villa residences. It has one fairly large window, looking on a small grass-plot in front, and two tiny windows which light the low sleeping room upstairs, for there is an "upstairs," although the cottage is practically of only one story. Over the large window is an effigy of a raven, which looks as if it might have been dashed off by a handy boy, with an inscription stating that the house was occupied by Edgar Allan Poe from 1845 to 1849; also, that it is the property of E. J. Chauvet, D. D. S., Fordham, N. Y.

The doctor lives next door in one of the imposing houses I have mentioned. The doctor's house is at least five times larger and cost as many times more money than Poe's, but people in the neighborhood say he wants a good deal more money than that before he will yield to the city of New York his title in the Poe cottage. After a brief conversation with the doctor, I decided he was not the man to furnish off-hand a luminous estimate of the Poet's genius, or even to supply a bibliography of the Poet's work. One could not, however, praise too highly his zealous desire that the city should take the cottage off his hands—at his own price—and I readily fell in with his view as to the neglect of genius, without being entirely blind to his interested application of it. It is a world full of wrong, at best, and in such a world Chauvet, D. D. S., with his fine big house and his patronage of the dead poet, with his little house, holds a place in strict accord with the eternal unities. The humor of this may be lost upon the doctor—I fear it impressed me so strongly as to lose me a great part of his valuable conversation.

Before the house is a blasted cherry tree; half of which has been cut down, leaving a blackened trunk upon which the penknives of relic hunters have wrought additional havoc. It stands, not an unworthy symbol of the man whose eyes often rested upon it in its greenness and vigor. Across the street a pleasant park, named after the poet, has been set out. Thither it is proposed to remove the historic cottage when a settlement shall have been made with the present owner. Knowing the mind of Chauvet, D. D. S., I should recommend the committee having the purchase in charge to come to terms with that gentleman as soon as practicable. They will not better the bargain by waiting!

The cottage is now tenanted by an Irish lady named Kenealy, who has no part or lot in its traditions, and who is obviously in doubt whether the public interest in her domicile is to be ascribed to a proper motive. As I stood musing at the gate, a good-natured countryman of her own joined me and at once volunteered some surprising information touching the house and its former distinguished tenant. Lowering his voice cautiously as a party of ladies drew near, "Do ye know, Sir," he said, "that the ould boss wrote 'The Raven,' sitting at the little windy there forinst ye—one night afer a dhrunk?" And he added with true Milesian humor: "Would ye wondher at it?"

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Going away slowly and turning more than once to look again—I suspect that Chauvet, D. D. S., thought I was trying to get a better view of his house—my mind dwelt upon the strange fortune of Poe's literary fame. The chequered history of letters affords no more striking contrast than the present literary estate of this writer, as compared with the sordid tragedy of his life. To the despised literary hack, the job-man of newspapers and magazines, who was never able to command a decent subsistence by his pen, has fallen a fullness of reputation which few indeed of his contemporaries enjoy. His works, translated into a more sympathetic language by a Frenchman of genius, whose mind is a replica of his own, have yielded him a

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proud and enviable fame among the most appreciative and artistic people in the world. His name abroad is illustrious and honored, while many of his contemporaries who outshone him at home have gained no foreign suffrage. Nor is this all. Even at home, in the land where an evil destiny cast him at an epoch of brutal materialism, his fame has been steadily rising. In the pantheon of American letters no name is higher than his. Immense fortunes have been made by the publication of his books, edited with anxious scholarship, issued in sumptuous form—books which never yielded their author a living and might not avail to keep starvation from the Beloved of his heart. The humble home in which he dwelt has become a shrine that will ere long be cared for by the State. Each succeeding year new biographies of him are put forth, new and ever-heightened estimates of his genius are made. The world is making for Edgar Allan Poe—as for so many other children of light whose fate it was to walk in darkness—its immemorial atonement.

Michael Monahan.

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CIRCULATING-LIBRARY RELIGION.

A REACTIONIST VIEW OF MODERN ENGLISH FICTION.

BOOKS, says Milton, are "as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." "I assure you, sir," said a country bookseller lately, "half the books that go out of my shop aren't fit to be perused." The British matron, however, now reads everything herself, and likes her girls to do the same. The sixpenny edition, which may extinguish the country bookseller and the circulating library as well, finds its way to the schoolboy's locker and to the servants' hall, and brings the New Morality within reach of every purse. Miss Broughton tells us wittily that she used to be regarded as a Zola, but is now looked on as a Charlotte Yonge: so fast do we progress.

The modern work of genius, however, differs entirely from the free-spoken drama or tale of days when to call a spade a spade was almost a circumlocution. "Peep," says Thackeray, "into the cottage at Olney and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners since then!" The poem, play, or novel of our more prudish days might—much of it at any rate—be read aloud in the family circle. The language is all to be found in the most decorous dictionaries. There are described no delightful, wicked rakes on the one hand, no persecuted *Pamelas* on the other.

Nevertheless, the book bound in art-linen usually leaves the old-fashioned reader with a bad taste in the mouth. If the novel which delighted our forefathers pointed a moral rather plain-spokenly, or was as frankly and boisterously non-moral as a Punch-and-Judy show, at any rate there was no namby-pamby new Christianity in it, no sophisticating of the broad distinction between right and wrong, no cant about the emancipation of thought and breaking forth of light, or about the suppression of the Ten Commandments by a higher code of ethics. After reading about the pure woman faithfully presented, the woman with a past, the woman with a past tense, the women of the future, the revolted daughter, and the like, we find ourselves longing for five minutes of the wholesome intolerance of Dr. Johnson. "Sir," he would say—but perhaps we had better not imagine what he would say.

Mimetic art presents life as too rounded and complete a thing ever quite to satisfy Christianity, which appends to drama and tale a "to be continued." Before the curtain rings down or the last chapter ends, the villain must be got rid of, or allowed to repent and escape easily, and everything is put right in a very brief space. Amendment is in real life a more uphill task, and consequences of evil deeds more lasting and inexorable. "Where would Stratford be," asked a native, "if it were not for the immoral Shakespeare?" and Shakespeare himself, sure-footed guide as he is, fails to hold the mirror up to nature and to morality when all is well and ends well for the worthless *Bertram*. Not only do the Unities often compel a moral to be scamped, but unskillful writers, cutting their knots by the hand of death, instruct mismatched partners and heart-sick lovers to look for their happiness through such a solution.

The modern story then, with its pretence of realism, has usually a bad moral, though it be not (as sometimes it is not) immoral.

What is now asking attention, however, is a conscious and intentional crusade against received Christian canons and the sacredness of the Family as the basis of Society. The crusade ranges from the mild latitudinarianism of the lady novelists to the French *chiffonnier* school of cloaca realism, the animus throughout being directed against the theological sanctions of morality, while the more thorough-going naturalists regard morality itself as priestcraft. Sympathy is enlisted for wives who break an oppressive wedlock, suicide is excused, filial disobedience is justified, the natural virtues triumph over any lack of theological ones. *Sal of Whitechapel* wins pardon for her failings by her generous self-sacrifice for the man who has degraded her, and the drunken miner or digger, *parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, atones for a profane lifetime by an heroic death. Such a theme is touching enough, but *Bret Harte* and many others have worked it threadbare. The continued incessant use of it as a literary motif arises from a wish to pin-prick Christianity, and from that inverted pharisaism which is for ever asking attention to its own superiority to creed and form. Then there is the slum-novel in which the faith once delivered to the saints is girded at, the controversial novel in which it is overthrown by antiquated and belated German criticism, the society novel in which Christianity is ignored, the historical novel in which its past is besmirched, the *Corelli* novel in which the World's Tragedy is vulgarized, the kailyard novel whose author is eager to show that he is not, like his poor forefathers, a Scotch Calvinist, the hill-top novel whose depressing fog and iconoclastic atheism are in contrast with the breezy optimism and shallow universalism of the ordinary fictionist.

The prevailing teaching of our day is a thin theism, divested of every mystery, stripped of all doctrinal revelation, emancipated from every institution and rite, unhistoric, without organic structure or philosophic coherence, more vague than the peasant's misty belief in One Above or the savage's dim notion of the "Big Man up There," as indifferentist as Pope's "Jehovah, Jove, and Lord," almost as pantheistic as Emerson's *Oversoul* or Carlyle's *Primæval Unspeakable*, but yet worshiping in this Universal Father the attributes of Justice, Goodness, and Truth. It is a Justice, however, which does not mete retribution to the wicked, a Goodness which is not jealous for any unchanging law of holiness, and a Truth which makes believe and looks the other way. In this conception of an all-indulgent, good-natured, blind, and complaisant Paternity, Sin becomes a merely relative term, a mistake, a misfortune, an ailment, a trespass, not against God, but against one's fellow-men, needing no atoning sacrifice, no high-priestly mediation, no Bethlehem or Calvary save for moral impression. Penitence, Mr. Gissing remarks, is now an anachronism. "Man," says Emerson cheerily, "though in brothels and gaols and on gibbets is on his way to all that is good and true."

It is notable that the rationalism of this century has been based, not on reason, but on superficial sentiment. The sapping of the foundations of responsibility, whether through the dogma of a God who is mere pity or through easy dinner-table divinity, and superficial talk about heredity and circumstance (as though our ship were launched on life with a "lashed rudder") is more permanently detrimental to national character than undisguised lubricity or any gospel of animalism and free-love. Nor is satire against religion or invitation to explore the "sunless gulfs of doubt" likely to influence minds like the reiterated assertion that Conduct is independent of Creed, when illustrated by generous sentiments and attractive and pathetic examples. If, as a foil, the power of the Cross and the beauty of historic Christianity are delineated, the Church of Rome is usually fetched in. This is a kind of compliment to Anglicanism as the only religious force in England influential enough to be really disliked. Yet where the literary man's theological liberalism is not a reaction from Puritan *gyves*, it is only what might be expected from the colorless religious teaching of public schools and colleges, which turns out cultivated men wholly ignorant of the doctrinal system of their Church, and content to echo the stale and crude formulas of heterodoxy which please sharp girls from Girton and suburban admirers of Edna Lyall.—*The Saturday Review*.

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A MATTER OF COMPARISON.

AT THE CAFE CHANTANT.

THE manager of the theatre attached to the Casino at Rochers-les-Bains sipped his coffee and smoked his cigar with the air of one very well satisfied with himself and his affairs.

His present programme was a success, and the theater was well-filled nightly. The special feature was an idea of his own, and it had "caught on" at once. It was called "The Dream of a Salad," and the dresses were especially designed to represent the component parts of a very comprehensive salad. There had been a little trouble with the ladies who carried off the honors of the radish and the beetroot, and she who personified the garlic had worried daily to have her role changed, because her companions said that, so far as realism went, she might have "gone on" in her usual garments, and fully convinced the audience of her part.

"Queen Lettuce" was a trifle too plump, and her accent was detestable even for a variety artist. But, as she stepped higher than any of the others, and conveyed the impression that she was quite satisfied with herself in every way, her accent did not matter. And she certainly was a "draw." He had himself noticed—

Someone knocked at the door. He gave permission, and, at the first glance, his customary, "Well, my dear, what is it this time?" was strangled in utterance.

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The woman was young, very dainty-looking, with the unmistakable *cachet* of the Maison Doucet or Worth stamped upon her attire. It took but a minute to observe the large, sparkling eyes, dazzling complexion, perfect teeth, and bright hair, innocent of dyes.

She threw aside a fluffy boa of ostrich-feathers, saying the while, "Please excuse me, Monsieur, for calling without an appointment. I will explain my visit." The voice was clear and the intonation refined. It, quite as much as her appearance, proclaimed the owner to be as far removed from the members of the manager's company as the Rue de la Paix at 6 p. m. from the Quartier-Latin at midnight. She was like a ray of sunlight in the room, and as, with a sudden thought, he opened one of the shutters and let in a strong light on her face, he saw that her beauty was perfectly natural and felt a momentary tinge of shame.

"I am listening, Madame."

"It is my wish to play in your theatre to-night."

The manager waved his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"Madame, this is a second week and we are going splendidly—"

The visitor tapped her parasol on the polished floor.

"Let me finish, please. It is absolutely necessary that I play to-night—"

"But it is imposs—"

"The part of Queen Lettuce in 'The Dream of a Salad,' as played by Mademoiselle—what is her name? Louise Coudert, I believe?"

"Yes; but really, Madame—"

"Nothing for nothing, of course. If you will do me this favor, you will have something besides thanks. I will pay one thousand francs just to play that part to-night. Do you agree?"

She drew a note from her purse with the slenderest of fingers, covered with pearl-grey suede, and placed it at the manager's elbow.

He regarded his visitor with increased respect, and the note with considerable emotion. But, with one hand on his heart, he protested that he never consented to such proposals. The Grand Theatre never employed any but experienced actresses; and, moreover, even if, just for once, and merely for the sake of obliging such a charming lady as Madame, there was Mlle. Coudert to be pacified.

"There will not, I think, be any difficulty about that," said the lady, significantly glancing at the note; "although it is necessary that she should not know until an hour beforehand. As for experience, I have very often acted in amateur performances before quite as large an audience as yours, and, if you will accompany me on that piano, I will go through the lines. Queen Lettuce follows the radish, I think."

She unfastened her long, light cloak of shimmering grey, lined with silk of a pale-rose shade, and revealed

such an enchanting vision that the hardened manager was completely bewildered.

The lady was dressed as Queen Lettuce, with the difference that her costume was of real silk and lace and the finest gossamer, instead of the coarser materials used by the costumier to the theatre. She laughed a little, and executed a pirouette, showing countless frills of chiffon which imitated the delicate hues of the lettuce to perfection, carried out also in the embroidered silk stockings and piquant shoes. These last were ornamented with diamond buckles which were certainly not bought in the Rue de Rivoli.

"Play the opening bars, please, and I will take my entrance from the door."

The Manager went to the piano and struck some chords. The visitor fluttered gracefully into the centre of the room, curtseyed to an imaginary audience, and began the first verse of Queen Lettuce's song in a voice which, though not powerful, was deliciously sweet and well-trained.

"There," she smiled brightly after the first verse, "I need not finish now; but I know it by heart, I assure you. And I cannot compliment your librettist who makes such an atrocious rhyme as 'advice' and 'lettuce.'"

That does not trouble Mlle. Coudert," said the manager, reflecting that he would be able to "square" that lady with a hundred and fifty francs at most, rather more than half her week's salary.

*

The musicians were beginning the overture to the second act—a collection of airs gathered principally from the songs of the *café-chantant*. The audience were retaking their places, and there was the usual medley of noise—laughing and quick talking, banging of swinging doors, ringing of bells, shuffling of feet.

"Has it begun yet?" a gentleman asked, handing his overcoat to an attendant.

"Not yet, Monsieur," said the girl, with a smile and a nod of recognition. "I have kept Monsieur's seat."

She received the usual *douceur*, and he sat down with a look of expectancy.

M. le Comte d'Allier was a handsome man of about two-and-thirty. In his well-cut and easily fitting evening-dress, and with his broad shoulders, he was conspicuous among the other short, stout Frenchmen.

From the opening night of the Grand Theatre, the Comte had occupied the same fauteuil, always, when alone, appearing in time for the second act. At the beginning of this season he had once or twice been accompanied by a lady, but, as a rule, he was alone, and the other *habitués* smiled at his constancy, and observed to each other that Louise Coudert was extremely lucky to have such a distinguished admirer.

The curtain rose and disclosed a market, with stalls on each side, and a collection of girls and women buying, selling, and chattering with the vivacity possessed only by Frenchwomen.

The hero appeared and demanded a salad for a breakfast he was giving in honor of his latest *inamorata*, a Spanish dancer from the *Folies-Bergères*.

"I understand, Monsieur wants something especial," said the gentleman sustaining the role of the Mayor. He waved his sword, the conductor tapped his desk, and the stage-crowd withdrew to the sides. The music changed to a lively waltz, the Mayor assumed a more striking attitude, gave his cocked-hat an additional tilt, and waved his sword again. "We have everything here, and a choice will be easy," he said, as a troop of damsels flocked on to the stage, and, after some preliminary capers, took up positions to admit of a succession of others.

"Fish, vegetables, fruit, Monsieur. You have but to make a selection."

The orchestra started a fresh *motif*, and a dance was performed which proved highly satisfactory to the audience, the dancers being remarkably fine women and their skirts abbreviated to the depth of a few inches.

At its conclusion a very stout lady clad in scarlet tights and a scarlet sleeveless bodice came forward and announced naively and with an undulating movement of the hips—

"I am the lobster, juicy and fresh." "And I the crisp little cress," chirped a second. "And I the mayonnaise," sang a third. "And I the luscious beetroot," declared a substantial fourth. "And I the garlic," "and I the chicory," "and I the radish," and so on until the whole gamut was reached. At this point a radiant apparition appeared, approached the footlights, and, with a smile and a most

graceful curtsey, broke into the song of Queen Lettuce.

The Comte looked stupefied. The hand which held his lorgnette dropped to his side, and he gazed at the beautiful young artist with an astonishment which, fortunately for him, was not observed by his neighbors, because they were equally surprised to see one so dainty and refined in place of the solid and *bourgeoise* Mlle. Coudert.

There was not the slightest doubt. In Queen Lettuce he recognized his wife! And standing there, in the blaze of the footlights, with her lovely hair and sparkling eyes, her charming costume, her exquisitely proportioned and rounded limbs, she appeared so pretty, so fascinating so mischievous, that involuntary applause rang out from every part of the theatre, and it was some moments before she could commence her song. This passed off with a success which was phenomenal and the Comte found himself making comparisons between his wife and Mlle. Coudert which were certainly not in favor of the latter.

*

On coming out of the theatre, the lady was confronted by her husband. He was looking very grave and cold, and she burst out laughing.

"Oh, there you are!"

"So you have decided to go on the variety stage?" he said, quietly.

"Oh, no! I have merely tried an experiment. When a husband deceives his wife, there are two courses before her—either to sit down and cry, which is silly; or to laugh, as I have done. In any case, she ought to compare herself with her rival."

"And your experience —?"

"Has taught me that I have the advantage. Has Mlle. Coudert ever gained such a success as I gained to-night? You know she never has. The audience does not care for her, and, instead of the role of Queen Lettuce, the manager had far better have cast her for the beetroot, which would have suited her admirably."

"And what is your decision, then?"

"This. Had you given me a rival who was my superior, I should not have excused your fault, but it might have been compromised. As it is, I have eclipsed Mlle. Coudert. You have humiliated me, and I shall obtain a divorce. Good-bye!"

She spoke quite amiably, but deliberately. When she had ended, he stopped and faced her on the pathway, unable to take his eyes from her.

"Good-bye," she repeated, holding out her hand.

He looked at her in bewilderment, noting the becoming little hat, the fluffy boa round her throat, the soft, shimmering silk cloak covering her from head to foot, with its dainty frills and rose-colored lining. How exquisitely pretty she was! How unique!

"The brougham is waiting. Will you not let me take you to the hotel?" he said.

"Oh, very well! she answered indifferently, and, disdaining his arm, got into the carriage, squeezing herself up in a corner, where she remained silent and motionless.

His principal feeling was a desire to strangle Mlle. Coudert—to blot her out from his memory. His eyes rested always on that delicious little figure in the corner, dressed so perfectly, so becomingly, and in his ears rang still the delighted applause of the theatre given to Queen Lettuce. Heavens! What admiration she had received! How many must have longed to tell her so! There must have been some notes waiting—sent round, of course.

And there she was, close to him, the delicate perfume of white lilies which she always used, delighting his senses.

He moved nearer, but she appeared to be asleep.

He coughed slightly. She did not stir.

A minute or two, and he coughed again. She still slept.

He took her hand, and, as it was not withdrawn, put his arm round her waist. Then she awoke.

"Stupid! You are making a mistake."

"I am making no mistake."

She took away her hand, pushed his arm from her waist, and drew her cloak around her as though to mark a boundary between them.

But he got possession of her hand again, and the next minute his face was touching hers.

"No, no! Let me alone! It is ended! I do not care for you now!"

But he persisted gently though decisively, and she cried petulantly, "How silly you are! You worry me! Oh, Raoul, my hat! Take care! Don't you see it is impossible to kiss me? My veil—"

From the Sketch.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Cullen Battle is sojourning at Eureka Springs.

Mrs. Moses Rumsey and her daughters will go to their cottage at Nantucket Island in July.

Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau returned from a short visit to Chicago, last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. McCormick have gone to Detroit Lake, Minn., where they have their summer cottage.

Mr. Lewis J. Meiser, Jr., has gone to South Africa. He left for New Orleans last Monday and sailed from that port.

Miss Marie Whitmore, who has been visiting Mrs. Zach. Tinker, has returned to Miss Brown's school in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Kilpatrick, and Mrs. John Liggett will go to their cottage at Magnolia Beach, on June 14th.

Mrs. Mary Branch left on Monday evening for Kentucky, where she will attend a family reunion at the home of her relatives.

Mrs. James B. True, of Cates avenue, gave an informal musical last Thursday evening, assisted by Mrs. Nellie Von Hessenbruch.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston, with their daughters, Mrs. Connor Witherspoon, and Miss Vie Houston, left last week for Trenton and Jackson Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meier have returned from Florida, where they have been all winter, and are located for the summer at 3651 Delmar Boulevard.

Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly, will sail for Europe on June 22d accompanied by her son, Mr. Archer O'Reilly, and Misses Blanche and Nina Hay. They will be joined in Paris by Mrs. John Taussig and her daughter.

Mrs. G. W. Cole, wife of Lieut. Cole, of the 7th Cavalry, arrived in New York, from Havana, Cuba, on Tuesday, and will be in St. Louis next Saturday, to spend some time with her mother, Mrs. Nelson Cole, of Waverly Place.

Mrs. Charles Cummings Collins has sent out cards for a lawn party, which she will give on June 2d, at her beautiful home in Kirkwood. Miss Virginia Thomson will be the guest of honor and also the Mary Institute Class of 1900.

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold Stowe left last Saturday for Boston Mass., where they will remain until July with Mr. Stowe's parents. In July they will return to St. Louis and make arrangements to sail for Europe in the early part of the month, to spend the summer with Mrs. Stowe's parents, in Edinburg, Scotland.

Miss Mabel Wyman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyman, gave a lawn tea last week, at which she announced her engagement to Mr. John Waterworth. The young ladies were all gowned in dainty organdies, and were received on the lawn by their hostess. Miss Edna Gamble served fruit frappe. Among the young ladies who were present were: Misses Grace Dodd, Helen Dodd, Felicia Judson, Bertha Semple, Elizabeth Semple, Clara Bain, Susan Slattery, Agnes Delafield, Marie Phillips, Elizabeth Donaldson, Lucy Matthews, Louise Williams, and Mrs. Allan Whittemore.

Mrs. Remy N. Poulin, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Ola W. Bell, gave a large euchre party and luncheon on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Mesdames McClure, Jenkins, Cooper, Fleming and Valentine,

wives of the officers at present stationed at Jefferson Barracks. A special car was provided, and conveyed the guests from the Suburban terminus to Mr. Poulin's handsome home in Normandy, which was all thrown open to the guests, and lavishly decorated with big bowls of June roses which were cut from the rose garden of the hostess. Luncheon was served at one o'clock, the table being almost hidden beneath masses of roses and green leaves, a big bouquet of these fragrant blossoms being at each lady's place. After the lunch, the guests enjoyed euchre for about two hours. The lady's present were Mesdames Ellsworth Smith, S. Crosby, Shep. Cabanne, Ed. Gorman, Wallace Capen, James Green, Charles Alfred Booth, Herman Luyties, August Luyties, Paul Bakewell, Fred Zeibig, Wilson Hunt, J. C. Van Blarcom, James Garneau, R. London, and Miss Conrad.

One of the prettiest functions of last week was the tea, given by Mrs. Frufrock, in honor of her daughter, Miss Matilda Frufrock, and the Mary Institute Class of 1900. The house was decorated with masses of marguerites—the class flowers. Mrs. Frufrock and Miss Frufrock received, assisted by Mrs. John Ringen, in the front drawing-room. Misses Carrie Tinker, Stella Schnurmacher, Klemm and Bollman served cafe frappe and punch. In the dining-room, at one end of the table, Miss Bessie Prince and Miss Alice Luedeking served chocolate, and opposite them Misses Ella Lungstras and Zilphia Turner served ices. The young ladies who served were all daintily gowned in white organdie, with trimmings of lace and fine tucks. Miss Frufrock wore the class colors, constructed into a chic toilette. The under slip was of pale yellow silk, and over it was a white Paris muslin, made elaborately, and trimmed with accordéon plaited ruffles, lace and tucks. Mrs. Frufrock was gowned in a handsome black toilette, and Mrs. Ringen wore a pretty gown of pale heliotrope, trimmed with a lace garniture and white liberty satin. Among the guests were: Misses Marjory Oliver, Anna Force, Susie Duncan, Lulu Duncan, Grace Priest, Sadie Young, Marian Rumsey, Amy Smith, Mildred Stone, Virginia Thomson, Herda Toeppen, Isabel Wallace, Margaret Watson, Emily Wickham, Ethel Lungstras, Stella Schnurmacher, Nancy Girardi, Lucie London, Elsie Bremmerman, Julia Knapp, Margaret Long, Eugenia McBlair, Mabel McKeighan, Florence Newton, Edith Nipher, Lucille Howard, Lucille Hopkins, Jane Green, Annie Grier, Emily Catlin, Clara Carter, Mabel Bryan, Mary Allen, Ethel Boogher, Susie Doerr, Alice Meyenburg.

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RAINWATER RIFLES.

Company E, Rainwater Rifles, 1st regiment, N. G. M., has always held up its end in a military and social way and is made up of a bunch of young fellows with whom nobody need be ashamed to associate. The boys have plenty of good hard work combined with hearty fun, and to a young fellow who fancies that sort of experience, the organization can give a good time. The Company has room for a few gentlemanly lads of 5 feet 8 inches and over, and therefore it invites its friends to visit the Armory, Eighteenth and Pine streets, any Monday night and watch the company drill. Athletic



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young gentlemen, who are not afraid to cast their lot with the National Guard, can obtain additional information from any member of the Company, or at 723 Mermod & Jaccard Bldg. The Company officers are: Adolphe L. Boyce, Captain; T. Lee, First Lieut.; Robert London Jones, Second Lieut.; Froman Smith, Sec.; Mat. Shaw, Treas.

• • •
COURT OF APPEALS.

The Democrats have nominated Judge Goode, of Springfield, for member of the Missouri Court of Appeals for the Eastern District. The nominee is said to be a very able man. He was nominated to succeed Judge Biggs. Judge Biggs rendered himself unpopular by lack of sympathy with the financial tenets of his party, and also by denouncing a dirty deal with the Populist Judge North, whereby, through North's withdrawal, Judge Bland's election was assured in 1896, and North was given the snap office of reporter of the Court of Appeals. He has been punished by being refused a nomination. He has been punished for doing what an upright judge should be expected to do, for denouncing a deal that disgraced and, inferentially, corrupted the bench. Incidentally, Judge John M. Wood's country friends declare that he

was defeated in his candidacy for the bench by the machinations of the capitalistic element in St. Louis. A rumor runs that Judge Goode's candidacy was backed by the "railroad influence" of the State. But the capitalistic influence was supposed to be in favor of Judge Biggs and with all its power it could not "land him." Judge Biggs' friends claim that the capitalistic influence which backs the Jefferson Club in St. Louis, induced the club to declare for Biggs in order to hurt him, and directed the machine to "dump" Biggs for Goode at the proper time. Out of all this

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**Mr. Eduard E. Kauffer,
THE MINIATURIST**

of Vienna,

Will sail for Europe on or about June 25.
Work placed before the 5th of above
date will be ready before his departure.

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crimination and recrimination there should come some very interesting revelations as to the honesty of the Democrats in the important matter of selecting an honest judiciary. There is enough scandalous talk about this Court of Appeals nomination and the forces and considerations that controlled it to defeat the Democracy in this State, if the facts at the bottom of the talk could be placed before the people.

• • •
Wedding Silverware—Mermod & Jaccard's.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Adolph Bernd, has sent out cards for a musical at the Cabanne Club, on June 1st, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. B. F. Hobart of Vandeventer place, who is now visiting friends in Chicago, is expected home the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Bridge and family have gone to Plymouth, Mass., for a short time, and will go to their summer home in Walpole, N. H., on June 12th.

Mrs. Frances Beauregard Aglar has taken a summer cottage at Magnolia Beach, where she will spend the summer with her sisters, Misses Susan Leigh Slattery and Ruth Slattery.

Dr. and Mrs. Olin D. Whittier have sent out cards for the wedding reception of their daughter, Miss Alla Camille Whittier, who will be married, on June 6th, to Mr. Steve Larkin Warren. The wedding will take place at the Whittier residence, 4494 Forest Park Boulevard. The "at home" cards are for after July 10th, at 4494 Forest Park Boulevard.

Miss Pauline McTague of 4240 Maryland avenue gave a party on Monday afternoon, in honor of her eighth birthday. The house decorations were pink and white, and the table ornamented with pink roses. The ices were served in fancy designs, mainly pink brownies. Miss McTague received with her mother, Mrs. J. H. McTague, and her two sisters, Misses Florence and Kathryn. All three little girls were dressed in white organdie over silk slips. The afternoon was spent playing games, and dancing.

Mrs. James Aull entertained about twenty ladies informally on Saturday afternoon, in honor of her guests, who are her mother, Mrs. Grant, and her aunt, Miss Collier, and her brother, Rev. Wilson Aull and his wife. The house was prettily decorated with spring flowers, and a delightful luncheon served during the afternoon. Among those present were Mesdames D. K. Ferguson, J. G. Baker, Charles Semple, Jos. S. Fuqua, Geo. P. Jackson, H. N. Spencer, E. H. Semple, Geo. H. Shields, Dwight Treadway, J. H. McCluney, Charles Hoyle, Wm. Duncan, Misses Mary Aull, Daisy Aull, Mary Hoyle, Alby Watson, and Kate Copp.

The ladies of the Emanuel Episcopal Church, of Old Orchard, gave a big reception on Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. F. C. Thompson, of Webster Groves, in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Ritchie, who will leave shortly for Wichita, Kan., to reside. The house decorations were masses of June roses, the mantels being banked high and big bowls of roses placed in every available space. The young ladies who served frappe, were Misses Mabel Hewitt, Julia Woodruff, Josephine Graham, Harris, Hazard, Chase, Williams, Slaughter and Mellor. The lawn was lit with Chinese and Japanese lanterns and music entertained the large number of guests present during the evening. Mrs. Thompson received, assisted by Rev. and Mrs. Ritchie and the ladies of the Emanuel Church vestry. About two hundred and fifty people were present, including a large number from St. Louis.

Mr. Joseph Franklin and the Misses Franklin gave a handsome entertainment on Monday evening, at their home near Kirkwood, the occasion being the regular fortnightly meeting of the literary club, of which Mr. Franklin is a member. The house was beautifully decorated with roses,

and out on the lawn were hung colored lights. A regular programme was rendered, Mrs. James L. Blair, Mrs. Paul B. Davis, and Mr. Sidney Schiele, being the vocalists of the evening, accompanied by Miss Nettie Scheetz. Mr. Franklin made an address to the society, and the programme closed with a debate by Messrs. Charles Cummings Collins, and H. P. Farrington. All the guests had their fortunes told, and refreshments were served at the close of the entertainment. A special car was in readiness to convey the guests back to the Kirkwood depot, to take the return train for the city.

Hand carved ivories. Vienna bronzes and a complete assortment of truly beautiful Royal Bonn and Royal Vienna ware are among our late importations. Call and see them. J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Seventh and Locust.

A GLORIOUS GIFT.

Messrs Samuel Cupples and Robert S. Brookings have earned for themselves recognition as truly the greatest citizens of St. Louis.

Each has transferred to Washington University 15,000 shares of the total capital stock of 30,000 shares of the St. Louis Terminal Cupples Station and Property Company, the par value of which is \$3,000,000, with a net yearly income of from \$120,000 to \$130,000. The two gifts will found the "Samuel Cupples endowment fund" and the "Robert S. Brookings endowment fund."

This is a magnificent gift, the most splendid ever made by a citizen of St. Louis. It gives the University \$130,000 in perpetuity. The property and business therein must increase in value as time goes by. The gift may be greater than it appears even now.

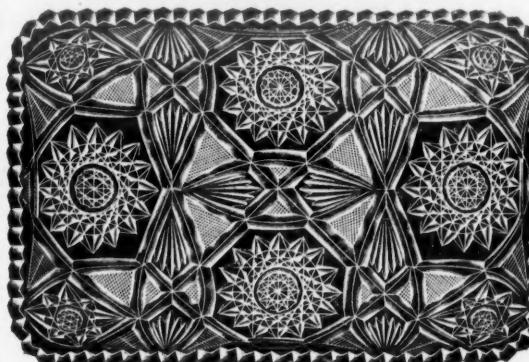
The endowment is free of any conditions. It is said that it makes Washington University distinguished, as having the largest unconditioned endowment of any such institution in the country.

The work of Mr. Brookings for Washington University gives him rank next to the most famous patrons of education. It was he, chiefly, who raised the \$500,000 general endowment fund. From the reports in the daily papers it is learned that he subscribed \$200,000 himself, and, after it was publicly known that \$470,000 had been raised, the balance of the fund came from some mysterious source never explained, though it is suspected that Mr. Brookings supplied the deficit. At the same time a fund of \$750,000 was subscribed for new buildings, making the total endowment at that time \$1,250,000.

Mr. Samuel Cupples has been interested in the University through Mr. Brookings. They were associated in a vast and successful business, and when Mr. Brookings determined to take up the university project the elder gentleman "went in" with him.

Mr. Cupples founded the School of Engineering and Architecture, and has authorized the erection of the Cupples building on the new site of Washington University, beyond Forest Park. The estimated cost of the building is \$150,000, but Mr. Cupples placed no limit on the expenditure. During the many years that he has interested himself in the Manual Training School he has made good deficits from year to year, and has also aided the art department of the university. He has also founded a scholarship in every department of the university, at a cost of not less than \$1,000 each, and the departments number seven.

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The Ice Cream Tray illustrated is 11 inches long by 5 3/4 inches wide. It is artistically cut in a chrysanthemum design, and is very brilliant. The price of the tray alone is \$20.00, and the plates to match \$38.00 per dozen. We have Ice Cream sets (tray and 1 dozen plates) from \$57.50 to \$141 per set.

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contemplation of the deed gives one an uplift into a finer spiritual air. W. M. R.

BABY SHOW.

The ladies and friends of the Children's Golden Chain Humane Society are making great preparations for the "Baby Show," which opens at the Exposition Building at 2 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon and continues until Saturday evening. Everything indicates that the exhibition will be a success in every feature, as the officers and members, in conjunction with Chairman, Hettie B. Knollenberg, of the Society, have been indefatigable in their efforts to promote that end. There will be a charming array of little cherubs, as many have been registered this week. His Honor Mayor Ziegenhein will formally open the affair. The gentlemen who have courageously consented to act as judges and pass on the merits of the babies are the only ones who think of the approaching ordeal with fear and trembling. The stage entertainment will be a pleasing feature and those who attend cannot fail to be surprised and delighted by the singing, music and dancing furnished by children.

• • •

Place your surplus money with the Lincoln Trust Co., Seventh and Chestnut streets. Four per cent is paid by this institution on funds placed on deposit. A special window reserved for the ladies.



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BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.

(Reproduced by Request.)

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
Then all the air grew strangely sweet—
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.
She came and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds,
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Babie Bell
Came to this world of ours!
O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born.
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen,
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Babie came from Paradise)—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain
We said Dear Christ—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.
And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face!
Her angel-nature ripened, too,
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now;
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame.
God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key,
We could not teach her holy things;

She was Christ's self in purity.
It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!
At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And whst did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;
And then went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!—

T. B. Aldrich.

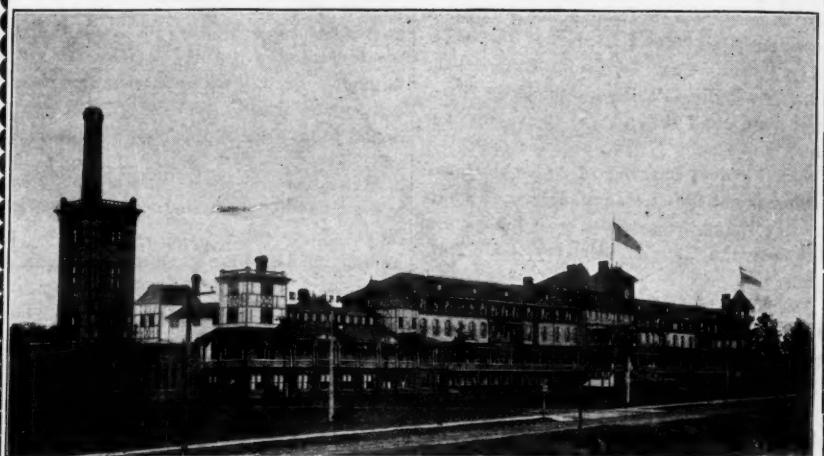
THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

A HINDU LEGEND.

Colonel Ingersoll, in his lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses," was fond of narrating an immemorial Oriental legend of the creation of man and woman, and trying to show how superior it was, in chivalry toward the gentle sex, to the story in Genesis. It is doubtful, however, whether he would have upheld the superiority of another narrative of this character found in a book of Hindu legends lately discovered. This work, written in Sanskrit, is called "The Surging of the Ocean of Time," and in the last section of it, entitled "Of a Finger of the Moon Reddened by the Setting Sun," occurs the following passage, lately translated by an English writer, Mr. Bain, and reproduced in the Chicago *Times-Herald*:

"At the beginning of time, Twashtri—the Vulcan of the Hindu mythology—created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found that he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself to do as follows: He took the roundness of the moon, the undulations of the serpent, the entwining of climbing plants, the trembling of the grass, the slenderness of the rose-vine, and the velvet of the flower, the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gayety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the hardness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay, and the cooing of the turtle dove. He united all this and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man. Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for

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Give us some idea of how long you can take for your summer outing, how much you want it to cost you, etc. Ask for any information you may desire about any trip you have in mind. We will cheerfully answer any and all questions, and can make suggestions from the experience of others which will save you money and enhance the pleasure of your vacation. We may be able to suggest just the trip you have been looking for. It will cost you but two cents postage. Address,

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nothing at all, and is always ill.' And Twashtri received the woman again.

"But eight days later the man came again to the god and said: 'My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before me, singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, that she played with me, clung to me.' And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again. My lord,' said he, 'I do not understand ex-

actly how, but I am sure that the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you relieve me of her.'

"But Twashtri cried: 'Go your way and do your best. And the man cried: 'I can not live with her!' 'Neither can you live without her,' replied Twashtri.

"And the man was sorrowful, murmuring: 'Wo is me, I can neither live with or without her!'"

* * *

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"WEALTH AT YALE."

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The outcome of the society elections (or selections) at Yale ought to be sufficient demonstration to St. Louis, that "wealth" has nothing to do with them.

A member of one of the wealthiest families fails of selection. Three young fellows, members of families in no sense wealthy—at most in comfortable circumstances—are successful. As you say in last week's MIRROR, "there are things that move the members of college fraternities that the outsider cannot rightly estimate."

These societies, after all, are clubs. No one has a right to enter them. If he is rejected, it simply means he is not a congenial fellow to those who control the selections. His wealth or his literary attainments have nothing to do with it. He may be wealthy and a snob; literary and a boor. These boys in college are embryo men: they make their selections to their societies just as men do—probably without as much experience—but on the same tests—namely, is the proposed member a desirable member and a good fellow to have with us? If he is, he comes in—it not, he is out. Some idiot has bemoaned, in the papers, the fate of a youth, "high in his class standing," who, "applying for membership," was rejected because he was poor! The author of that should have known that to have "applied" for membership was a sure bar against admission. In the language of the student, any fellow who "applied" by that act "queered" himself. Nor does it follow, because a student is poor, but high in his scholarship, that he is companionable. A great college like Yale, is a law unto itself, in some respects—but its lawmakers are our own boys, who have gone there with a stamp of home training, and they are, taking them as a whole, the very best and most concrete exponents of our true democracy. They have not learned the lessons of "policy," but, as a rule, are frank, free and independent. They are more apt than we are to size a fellow up for what he is, and not for what he has. They do not truckle to wealth as most of us do: that disposition only comes later in life to any of us, but they are more open and ingenuous than we are. All this newspaper cant about the aristocracy of Yale and the great universities is born, partly from ignorance, in great measure from the inordinate jealousy and

envy of those who, if enjoying the advantages of the universities, would be their most sycophantic and intolerant advocates.

In commenting on Yale and her doings, then, do not lose sight of the fact, that it is the doings of boys unlearned in the hard school of experience and of selfish life—the doings of embryo men, fresh from our firesides, still close to our hearts, and not the acts of world-hardened and calloused men or astute and calculating politicians. And recollect that this sneering criticism is not the kind to correct their errors—they do not understand it. It wounds, but does no good, only harm.

Ace.

HOW TO SIT.

"There are not many persons," said the photographer to the reporter, "who know just how to sit for a picture. They think they do, you know. The average man or woman has an idea that all they have to do is to sit down, assume an amiable expression and—there you are."

"Well, I should think that is all sufficient," said the reporter to the artist.

"Not by any means," warmly responded the artist. "A good portrait should be not only natural and life-like, but also the expression of all that is highest and purest in the subject."

"You mean that the sitter is to assume a 'rapt expression?'"

"No; I mean that the sitter shall be seen in his or her best mood, neither with a smirk nor a scowl. To catch just the right expression and to fix it to a plate with the aid of solar light requires, in the photographer, not only artistic taste, but also tact, judgment and experience. I mean that the photographer must take a personal interest in each subject, forcing out the individuality above all else. A photographer who can not do this will make a good subject look common-place or semi-idiotic."

"I suppose then," remarked the man of notes to Mr. J. Edward Rosch, the Odéon photographer—"that the success you have achieved in your work has been due to years of study?"

Mr. Rosch: "If it is not immodest I must tell you that I have spent much time and money in the study of the individuality of the American people."

The reporter noted that Mr. Rosch's specimens of his fine platinum work were of "the smart set" and of prominent West End people.

WAKING AT NIGHT.

When I wake up alone at night
I feel as if I had no eyes;
I stare and stare with all my might,
But only blackness round me lies.

I listen for the faintest sound,
And, though I strain with either ear,
The dark is silent all around:
It's just as if I could not hear.

But if I lie with limbs held fast,
A sort of sound comes like a sigh,—
Perhaps the darkness rushing past,
Perhaps the minutes passing by;

Perhaps the thoughts in people's heads,
That keep so quiet all the day,
Wait till they're sleeping in their beds,
Then rustle out and fly away!

Or else this noise like whirring wings,
That dies with the first streak of light,
May be the sound of baby things,
All growing, growing, in the night.

Children, and kitty-cats and pups,
Or even little buds and flowers,
Daisies perhaps, and buttercups,
All growing in the midnight hours.

And yet it seems of me a part,
And nothing far away or queer...
It's just the beating of my heart,
That sounds so strange as I lie here!

I do not know why this should be:
When darkness hides the world from sight,
I feel that all is gone but me—
A little child and the black night.

—Mabel Dearmer, in the Spectator.

Exquisite Tiffany glass vases in iridescent and opalescent effects, are the latest fad. A beautiful line of them just received at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh street.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrah that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrah Cure.

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Choose any one and you'll be right.
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Other tailors cannot duplicate our work under any circumstances, while ready-made coats are not to be compared at all.

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Wedding invitations in the latest correct forms, finest material and workmanship, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The stock market reflected a moderate improvement last week, and the bulls were somewhat elated at the apparent discomfiture of their antagonists, when, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the announcement of the failure of Price, McCormick & Co., with liabilities amounting to more than \$13,000,000. The failure, while being due, mainly, to luckless speculation on the wrong side of the cotton market, had some effect on stock market values, notwithstanding the heroic efforts made by the supporting bull cliques to keep confidence intact. Since the failure of this leading firm, there has been another, though smaller, suspension, that of Seymour, Johnson & Co., and there are disquieting hints at further impending trouble.

All this has produced a very bad effect on speculative sentiment and restricted activity still further. The bulls have come to the conclusion that the task of putting prices up is a very difficult one, and that temporary conditions are absolutely against them. All that they can hope for is moderate recovery in those railroad stocks which have been sold too liberally by the bears. As far as genuine investment demand is concerned, that is not to be thought of for some time to come.

From the present appearance of things, the conclusion is inevitable that the public is no longer, or to a very small extent, interested in railroad stocks, and that stocks of this kind have drifted into the hands of cliques. There are, however, still a good many unfortunates, who are hanging on to their industrial holdings, bought at much higher prices months ago, and who will before long be compelled to sell at great loss. The industrial stocks have had their day and will eventually have a very rough experience. An era of reorganizations is rapidly approaching; there will be a tremendous scaling down of capitalization, and receiverships will be numerous.

As above stated, railroad stocks seem to have been absorbed by strong cliques. Now, the question is: Will these cliques be able to again induce the public to take stocks off their hands? The majority of shrewd traders are disposed to render a negative reply, for the following obvious reasons: Political uncertainties; a reaction in general business; decreasing railroad earnings; distrust engendered by recent developments in speculative markets; strike troubles, and apathy and alarming depression in securities abroad.

The friends of Atchison securities talk in a very hopeful strain regarding the future and predict that the preferred stock will be placed on a 5 per cent. dividend basis, at the meeting of the Board of Directors to be held next week. The action of the shares, however, appears to indicate that the directors will be conservative and not declare more than 2 per cent. out of the surplus earnings for the six months ending December 31st, 1899, or the first six months of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1900. While the revenues of the property are showing immense gains, and while the full 5 per cent. on the preferred is being earned, as well as something like 3 per cent. on the common, one should not ignore future probabilities. Operating expenses on all the important railroad systems of the country are increasing materially and will offset any further gains in gross earnings. Revenues cannot continue to increase all the time; there will be decreases in both gross and net

in the near future, all assertions of bulls to the contrary notwithstanding. Late statistics exhibit a remarkable falling off in both eastbound and westbound traffic from end to Chicago. The officials are sniffing the danger of rate-cutting and conferences are now of more frequent occurrences than they have been for many months past. It is alleged that various large lines are reaping advantages, at the expense of rivals, by underhand methods and secret rate-cutting. Such practices will be more popular as soon as traffic is diminishing materially.

In the iron and steel industry, developments are decidedly unfavorable, and precluding any boom in securities of this class for an indefinite period. The plants of the Federal Steel Co., at Joliet, Ill., are closing down; the Republic Iron & Steel Co.'s plant at Springfield, Ill., is doing likewise, and similar reports come from other directions. In all branches of trade there is complaint of decreased consumption, over-production and falling prices. What the result of all this will be, can easily be imagined. The same story is coming from Europe. There have been sensational drops of late in the speculative markets of England, Germany and Austria, and the outlook there is regarded as most uncomfortable and distressing.

The bull clique in sugar, led by Isidor Wormser, is still engaged in manipulating the market for this stock, and it is believed now that it is the intention to maintain the price until close to the time when the directors will act on the dividend, which will be in the next week or two. Reliable authorities assert, without hesitation, that the trade war is still going on. While such assertions may be treated, and perhaps with reason, as being susceptible of misinterpretation and skepticism, there is nothing at hand to warrant anybody to disbelieve in the official declarations. No matter how long the warring factions may continue their struggle, it is hardly likely that the American Sugar Refining Co. will again pay 12 per cent on the common stock. The directors have realized that such big dividends provoke ruinous competition, and that it will be the wiser policy to pay less to stockholders.

The recently published report of the New York Central for the quarter ending March 31, 1900, and for the first nine months of the current fiscal year, has made a good impression, as it again reflected the greatly improved position of the company. After deducting the 1 1/4 per cent. quarterly dividend, there remained a surplus in the treasury of \$145,515, compared with a surplus, for the corresponding quarter in 1899, of only \$77,093, when the company paid only 1 per cent. quarterly on the stock. For the first nine months, the company has paid dividends aggregating 3 1/2 per cent., or \$3,500,000, which is one-half per cent. more than the amount paid for the corresponding nine months of 1898-99. The total surplus, for the first nine months, amounts to \$2,901,665, after deducting the dividends of 3 1/2 per cent., so that the company could easily have paid an additional dividend of 3 per cent. on the stock. The capital of the company, having been increased to \$115,000,000, the surplus earned up to March 31st, 1900, is equal to more than 5 1/2 per cent. on the total capital stock. In view of these figures, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the stock cannot be regarded as unduly high at its present price of 131; if the dividend, as there is reason to expect, should be increased to 6 per cent. per annum, the stock could not be bought at less than

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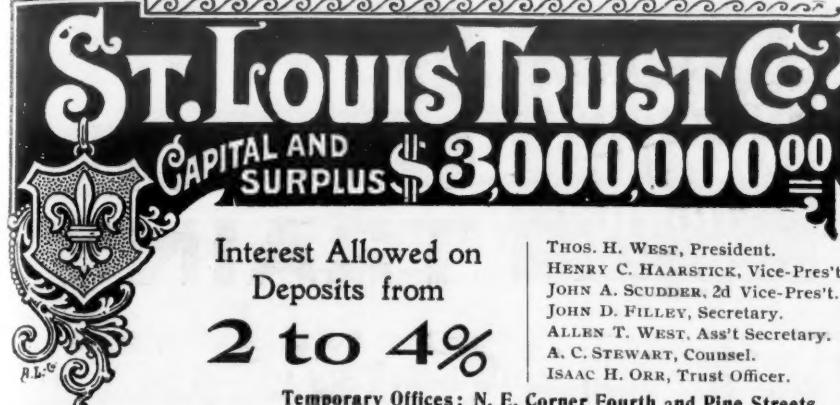
In Millocher's Best Opera,

THE BEGGAR STUDENT

Matinee Saturday, June 9.

Next Attraction—MARTHA.

Owing to a decline in sterling exchange rates, gold shipments have temporarily ceased, and it is not expected that further shipments will be made in the next few weeks. The position of the New York Associated Banks is growing stronger every



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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 —104
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	113 —115
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr. 10, 1906	113 —115
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	103 —104
"	4	A. O. Apr. 10, 1908	105 —107
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	103 —104
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	112 —113
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 —106
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 —106
"	100	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 —109
"	(Gld.)	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 —109
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 —110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 —110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	105 —106
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 —105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.			\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.			\$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100	—101
Funding 4.	6	Aug. 1, 1903	106	—108
School	5	Aug. 1, 1908	100	—102
"	4	Apr. 1, 1914	102	—106
"	4 5-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	—103
"	4 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108	—105
"	4 15-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	—105
"	4	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	—106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913	70 — 80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902	101 — 103
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916	97 — 100
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917	— 60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907	101 — 103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911	90 — 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 — 101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1923	99 — 100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919	108 — 117
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s.	1929	114 — 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s.	1930	111 — 113
Mo. Elecric Lt. 2d 6s.	1921	115 — 118
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1927	93 — 95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 —
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914	99 1/2 — 100 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910	— 94
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912	89 — 92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s.	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901	100 — 102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	98 — 101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75 — 85

BANK STOCKS.

Par	Last Dividend	Price.
val.	Per Cent.	
American Exch.	\$50 June, '99, 5 SA	200 —204
Boatmen's	100 June, '99, 3 1/2 SA	190 —193
Bremen Sav.	100 Jan. 1900, 6 SA	140 —150
Continental	100 Dec., '99, 3 1/2 SA	171 —173
Fourth National	100 May, '99, 5 p.c. SA	220 —230
Franklin	100 June, '99, 4 SA	156 —159
German Savings	100 Jan. 1900, 6 SA	275 —295
German-Amer.	100 Jan. 1900, 20 SA	760 —800
International	100 Apr. 1900, 1 1/2 p.c.	125 —130
Jefferson	100 Jan. 1900, 3 SA	100 —110
Lafayette	100 Jan. 1900, 5 SA	400 —500
Mechanics'	100 Apr. 1900, 2 qy	200 —255
Merch.-Laclede.	100 Mar. 1902, 1 1/2 qy	154 —158
Northwestern	100 Jan. 1900, 4 SA	135 —155
Nat. Bank Com.	100 Apr. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	250 —255
South Side	100 May 1900, 8 SA	119 —122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100 Apr. 1900, 8 SA	134 —136
Southern com.	100 Jan. 1900, 8 SA	90 —100
State National	100 Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	164 —166
Third National	100 Mar. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	144 —150

*Quoted 100 for par.

The Mirror.

1879-1899.

Noel-Young Bond and Stock Co.

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS,
All Local Securities Bought and Sold.
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week, and money is going begging at 1 1/4 and 2 per cent. The lack of speculative activity has intensified the plethora of money, and this fact alone makes further gold shipments, after a while, a strong probability.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Interest in the local market is still centering in street railway stocks and bonds. Transactions, however, are small and brokers cannot complain of over-work. After a little rise, St. Louis Transit has declined to 20.25 again; United Railways preferred is also a little lower, 79.75 being asked for it, compared with 70.75 a week ago. The bonds can be bought at 86.50.

Mining stocks were again extremely dull. Nettie is weak at 1.32; 300 shares of Granite-Bimetallic sold at 2.55. San Sebastian is offered at 11 and Scantic at 1.25.

Bank and Trust Company issues show little change in prices. For Third National 150 is asked; 205 is bid for St. Louis Trust and 290 for Mississippi Valley.

Local bank clearances showed a satisfactory increase last week, in spite of the strike. There is a good demand for money from country customers, with interest rates unchanged at 5 and 7 per cent. Foreign exchange is lower, sterling being 4.88, Berlin 95 3/8 and Paris 5.15 5/8.

Rich cut glass in original exclusive cuttings, at J. Bolland Jewelry Company, Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

There will probably be a tremendous crowd in attendance when the curtain rises on the first act of "The Beggar Student" at Uhrig's Cave, next Sunday evening. The Messrs. McNeary have spent nearly \$10,000 in improving their popular resorts and they now have the finest, and most accessible summer theater in the West, if not in the entire United States. It has the good points of the most modern summer gardens, together with those of the best equipped regulation theater.

The auditorium is open on the sides, so that the breezes that sweep the hill on which the garden is located, can play on the audiences, and yet there is ample protection from the night air. The approach to the theater is through a new and handsome pavilion beautifully decorated with palms and other plants. Everything about the place is new or made to appear so. The opera to be presented is the best work of Millocker and is popular with lovers of bright and pleasing music and an interesting libretto. It is admirably adapted to voices of the Spencer Opera Company which will be the attraction at the Cave this summer. The

part of Laura should give Mrs. Grace Van Studdiford, the prima donna, an excellent opportunity to display her talent as a singer and actress. Miss Nellie Braggins, as Bonisla, the hoydenish sister of Laura, will also be well suited. Gertrude Lodge (who in private life is Mrs. Frank McNeary) will be perfectly at home as the Countess, having sung that role a great number of times with notable success. William Wade Hinshaw, who made a great many friends by his good work with the Castle Square Company last winter, will carry the title role and Edwin Huff, a favorite tenor with St. Louis audiences, will take the part of Janitsky. George Shields will be the Gen. Ollendorf; William Steiger will be Enterich and handsome Fannie DaCosta will display her pretty figure as the dashing Lieut. Poppenburg. The other characters will be in good hands and Director Alex Spencer promises that the production will be the best summer opera ever seen in this city.

The Suburban Garden is now in its second week. None of the other parks or resorts is open, and if they were, the amusement seekers could not reach them at night. With only one car line in unmolested operation, and that directly into the grounds, the Suburban has no competition. Minstrels is the attraction. Carroll Johnson is ably seconded by half a dozen clever men. Billy Van sits opposite him in the merry circle, while the inside ends are taken by Tim McMahon and John King. Fred Warren will take King's place next Sunday. The former has a large following in St. Louis. He promises fresh songs and stories. The interlocutor and general director is Frank Dumont. He is very effective. Among the singers are members of the popular Bison City Quartette and Al Blanchard. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman appear in a new, delightful, domestic sketch "Back Home." It is said to be one of their best things. Other good specialties will be contributed by the leading members of the company. Daily matinees are given.

Mrs. Newwed (handing tramp several biscuits)—"Here, my poor man, are some of my home-made biscuits; you will find the saw and axe in the woodshed." Tramp (closely examining the biscuits)—"Are they as bad as that, mum?"—Harlem Life.

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NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Ferd P. Kaiser, of this city, has issued five volumes of "The World's Best Orations," to be completed in ten volumes, edited by Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court. Much of the actual work of selecting and editing the masterpieces has been done by Mr. William Vincent Byars, of this city, a truly learned pundit. The idea of this work is an excellent one. Of collections of excerpts of the great authors' *œuvres*, as of encyclopædias of poems, epigrams, etc., there has been a plethora. So far, however, nothing at all approximating in value to this addition to the library, in this branch of literature, has been attempted. It seems almost superfluous to allude to the claims such a work has on the regard and interest of all classes of "bookish men," for they are obvious at a glance. In the scope of these volumes the student of history must be greatly interested, though not more so than the logician and the philologist. The orator is the conservator of all that is best in a language. Oratory is the golden link that connects the philosophy, poetry, religion of any era and of all civilized races. Justice Brewer has decided that the work shall be thoroughly inclusive, a catholicity of selection which marks his editorial taste. In the preface to the first volume he notifies the reader that, while special prominence is given to Anglo-Saxon oratory, the work is not to be a mere collection of English-speaking orators. And from all forensic sources these selections are made. "We have not confined ourselves to any one profession or field of eloquence," writes Justice Brewer. "The pulpit, the bar, the halls of legislation and the popular assembly have each and all been called upon for their contribution. The single test has been: Is it oratory? The single question: Is there eloquence? The reader and student of every class will find in these pages that which will satisfy his particular taste in the matter of oratory." The work is arranged on the encyclopædic plan, alphabetically, so that one may easily pick out any desired oration by the orator's name. In volume 1 are such names as *Æschines* (the rival of Demosthenes), *Athanasius*, *Augustine*, *Basil*, *Albertus Magnus*, *Ælred*, *Abelard*, *Anselm*, and the venerable *Bede*. Nor are the selections from ancient or mediaeval eras only. Such names as *Burke*, *Chatham*, *Adams*, *Fisher Ames*, *James A. Bayard*, *Barbour*, *Everett*, *Beecher*,—a perfect galaxy of bright stars—being a chain of oratory from ancient to modern times. The work is handsomely typed, on good paper and finely illustrated with photogravure portraits, in all respects a credit to St. Louis book-making. The publication is the most important enterprise of the kind ever attempted in this city and the reviewer may honestly state that, in every respect in which such a publication should be considered, these volumes are indicative of the best genius that is put forth in book-making. Sold by subscription.

"Towards Pretoria" is, as the sub-title states, "A Record of the War Between Briton and Boer to the Relief of Kimberley," by Julian Ralph, special War Correspondent to the *Daily Mail*. Whatever one's prejudices may be, it is impossible to take up this book without becoming at once deeply interested in the narrative. There is a spirit of enthusiasm in the letters of this clever writer, a lucidity of description, that, some-

how, carries the reader from page to page in spite of his prejudices. While Julian Ralph doesn't fail to indicate that his warmest sympathies are with the British, and while he very plainly places the onus of the war on the Boers, (in the "Historical Foreword,") he is fair in his criticisms and judgment of the courage of the Boers, and outspoken in his admiration of their leaders' military skill. But he spurns the idea that they are to be compared with the founders of the North American Republic: "The petty, squalid record of the Boer leaders no more matches the heroic course of the American patriots," he says "than the life of Stephen John Paul Kruger parallels that of George Washington." Their friends and special pleaders in the United States have often used the argument that the Transvaal is another such country as America was after it had seceded from England. This, he claims, is "grotesquely false." There can be no comparison "between the Boer republic, where industrious and wealth-compelling foreigners are treated with contempt, and the American confederation, which has ever offered full and easily gained citizenship to all who applied for it." Of the character of the Boers his picture is not very attractive. He claims that Africa has produced the type that sprang from the lowliest birth in Holland, and has since retrograded, etc., "becoming less enlightened, less cleanly, less gentle, and far less amenable to organization and discipline." The causes that led up to the war, the ill-treatment of the Uitlanders (Mr. James Bryce, M. P., is quoted "that here and here only in South Africa were they treated as aliens and inferiors,") are fully set forth. We are told that food was incredibly dear because of the tariff on imports; water supply, police and sanitation were all neglected, and the children in the public schools could only be educated through the Dutch language, although the English-speaking people formed the majority of the population. When the Uitlanders held public meetings and appointed a committee to wait on "Oom Paul," that noble-hearted, saintly man, who has grown fabulously rich through the hated Uitlander, said, "Be satisfied! Go back to your people, and tell them I shall never give them anything." And so from one cause to another the war begins, and the correspondent at Graspan, at the awful Battle of Modder River, at Maagersfontein, in many a bloody fight, and finally at Kimberley, tells the story of the "Tommies" and the Boers. His experiences, and those of other war correspondents under fire, are very graphic, and this indeed is the characteristic of "Towards Pretoria." The appendices, including a very good map, are a valuable feature of the book. The author announces that it is probable that he will continue the narrative. As it is, the book is a welcome one at this time, and will, doubtless, have a great circulation. [Frederick A. Stokes & Co., publishers, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

"Halamar," by Gertrude Potter Daniels, is one of the stories of marital experience in which the mother-in-law takes an active part and provides the *casus belli*. Mrs. Worthington is a dyspeptic, addicted to toast, the crunching of which jars on the high-strung nerves of the heroine, Jean, the daughter-in-law. She had been the actress Halamar and had married Herbert, much against his mother's wishes. So the madam never lost an opportunity to make trouble and at last goaded the young wife to desperation. She has a platonic friend in

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an artist, Carrington, and while giving him an opinion of her husband the latter overhears it. A separation ensues. Halamar returns to the stage in a new play written for her by a Bohemian friend. What happened to her and her husband (also a new method of curing leprosy) will be found by the curious reader of this rather odd novelette. Evidently Gertrude Porter Daniels was determined that the suppression of "A Social Lion" should not squelch her literary aspirations. She has a vivid imagination, facility of expression and writes as one who knows "the ways that are dark" of society—and, it may be supposed, has had some romantic life experiences of her own. All of which may add to the reader's interest in *Halamar*. [George M. Hill Co., Chicago and New York.]

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"But this is too radical," protested King John, looking at the document the Barons wanted him to sign. "It subverts my whole kingdom, gentlemen. I can countenance no such change as that!" "We will change your countenance if you don't!" sternly answered the Barons. "That puts a new face on the matter," rejoined King John, affixing his signature with an effort at sprightliness.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SAVAGE AND AN AMERICAN.

Intelligent Savage—What is that heavenly harmony that I hear?

American—Well, as you are probably honest in your avowal, I will tell you that it is the first movement of a symphony by Dvorak.

Intelligent Savage—It is meltingly beautiful. What an enormous crowd of people, and so well-dressed and so deeply interested! New Yorkers must love music.

American—Well, the fashionable ones like to have you think they love it, and the ones who like to have you think they are fashionable love it because it is the thing to do it; but it is all the same thing to the receiver of the gate-money. Yes; good music is popular in New York if it is plainly labeled and guaranteed to be strictly first-class; and particularly if it is "Made in Germany."

Intelligent Savage—But don't these people really like it?

American—My dear fellow, three-quarters of them wish that they could escape, and half of the other quarter are asking themselves if any one can really like it. About one-eighth of them are thorough-going music-lovers, and they are having a good time in spite of the heat and bad ventilation.

Intelligent Savage—What are they going to play now?

American—Something by Wagner.

Intelligent Savage—Who is Wagner?

American—He was. He isn't. He was a man who was at first scorned beyond all reason, and now he is just being placed on his proper pinnacle by the final criticism. He is simply irritating to most of the people; but how they will go on about him when it is finished! He is very much the correct thing.

Intelligent Savage—Why, they are saying "Isn't it lovely!" "Dear Wagner!" "How transcendent!" But why are those people in the upper gallery laughing?

American—Those are true music-lovers, and they are onto the fact that the waggish conductor substituted a piece by "Papa" Haydn for the one by Wagner, and these faddists were nicely caught.

Intelligent Savage—But if they know so little of music, why don't they say so and not make believe?

American—That shows what an outside barbarian you are. Dear friend, you can tell a person that he doesn't know anything about arithmetic, or business, or even pictures, and he will take it good-naturedly; but, unless he knows you know him well, you can't question his musical judgment. And yet, if these poor people were to lose their programmes, they would be very likely to praise the wrong number.

Intelligent Savage—But don't they know they are all frauds?

American—No; each one thinks he's the only one and is afraid of giving himself away to his neighbor. One night last week this same waggish conductor placed a violin concerto by an American composer on the programme, and then labeled it as a new one by Grieg, the Norwegian, and gave the violin part to a popular foreign violinist, and the audience went wild over it.

Intelligent Savage—In spite of its being by a foreigner? What a pity the American was not credited, and then his fellow-countrymen would have gone crazy!

American—No! No! Not so. They would have received it with stolid indifference, because a Yankee composer is not without honor, save in America.

Intelligent Savage—But I thought you Americans were so patriotic?

American—Politically and in war, yes; but not in our art or our literature; although in our literature we are beginning to awaken. But we prefer foreign artists. There is only one way for an American artist to "arrive," and that is by one of the ocean liners.

Intelligent Savage—How perplexing! But, really, that is divine music that they are playing now, no matter who wrote it.

American—Yes, it is, and with good reason. It is by Schumann, but they won't split their gloves over it. He is a little ancient now.

Intelligent Savage—But can really beautiful music cease to be beautiful?

American—No; but I tell you that these people are not musical. They only want to be considered musical.

Intelligent Savage—Oh, yes; I remember! Then, who are a musical people?

American—The Utopians. None others. And they don't exist.—Charles Battell Loomis in *Puck*.

* * *

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